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VOLUME 26 NUMBER 5

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MAYFAIR
YASMIN LE BON's
SEXY CATWALK BOOBS CAUGHT ON CAMERA!
OUR PAGE 3 COVER GIRL
KIRSTEN IMRIE
STRIPS INSIDE

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marilyn

Photographs by Joanie Allum

We don't think it will surprise you to discover that gorgeous Marilyn is destined for greater things even than adorning the pages of *Mayfair*! The sexy starlet is all set to make her debut on the big screen. So how did this lovely young lady get tempted to take up an acting career? "It was one of those pure chance things," she reveals. "I was working in a clothes shop in London when this young bloke came in looking for a smart jacket. I asked if he was off to something special, and he told me he was going to an audition. It turned out they were looking for extras for a new film and he suggested I come along. I had no idea what I was getting into, but I thought, Hell, why not?"

Marilyn, who measures 36C-24-37, is shy about her part. "It's all supposed to be very secret," she says. "The studio asked us to keep the plot and everything under our hats. Still, I don't suppose it would hurt to tell you that I'm in a love scene – nothing naughty, you understand!" she says with a laugh. "Just a nice romantic thing. It was a pity I wasn't that struck on the leading man, though! He was a bit on the young side for me. Even though I'm only just 18, I prefer a more mature type of man, in his 30s or so. It's good to go out with people who can show you around a little, give you a taste of the world." Sounds like Marilyn has someone specific in mind... "Well, I suppose I do actually!" she giggles. "But he hasn't asked me out or anything yet. In fact I don't think he knows I exist!" All together now – *aaaah*! Ⓜ

KIRSTEN

Photographs by Basil Crawford-Smith

It must be every boss's dream to have a secretary like Kirsten Imrie to take things down for him. Twenty-three-year-old Kirsten may not be the best typist in the world and the only figures she can juggle are 38-24-34, but she's one of the fairest secs we know. We just had to invite her to our pad!

Edinburgh girl Kirsten says, "I worked in offices before I made it on Page Three, but I never mastered shorthand. I spent too much of the time chatting up the guys in the office." Did she have any success with them? "I got on with all of them but didn't get off with any." Rather surprising when you find that this black stockings and suspenders outfit is very similar to the one she wore when she was a tempting temp. Miss Imrie jokes that her secretarial career ended when one boss asked her to type two letters and get them off as soon as possible. "I completely misunderstood what he meant!"

christal

Christal Gilling of Gloucestershire doesn't just sparkle in front of the camera. This lady's more cerebral talents have impressed the university at which she works enough to give her a promotion recently. Sensuous Christal is an accomplished scientist who works as a laboratory technician. "I spend my days fiddling with test tubes and mixing fluids," laughs Chris, who measures 38-24-36. "It's a lot more fun than it might sound, though."

Christal does need to get away from work sometimes to keep herself on dazzling form.

Photographs by Michel Moreau

"The regime gets a bit restricting, and then I know it's time for a break with my family in Gloucestershire. I work hard but I like to play hard too. There's always a lot of parties in my home town, and when I'm having a wild weekend, I work my way through all of them!"

No boyfriend to take her mind off a hard day with the centrifuge? "Well, I'm open to suggestions," smiles Christal, "But to be honest, I'm too much for most men to handle. It would take a very special man to keep up!" Well, we love a challenge...

wendy

Wendy McDonald is a girl of many moods. She can spend hours sitting quietly in her West London flat with just the CD player on low. Then, though, she's apt to break out of her shell suddenly and become a raucous party raver.

"Yes, I do like my own company occasionally," said the 22-year-old. "It helps recharge my batteries, but once I've spent some time on my own, I'm dying to get out and meet people again." How does she go about winding down? "I listen to Ravel, and drink chilled German white wine with the answerphone on so I don't have to talk to anyone unless I really have to. After a couple of days, I'm a new girl."

The revitalised Wendy is an awe-inspiring sight. The 37-24-36 has the true stamp of a vamp, as she struts out in her plunge-front evening dresses, black stockings and suspenders. She also has a penchant for high heels – staggeringly high, in fact! "Five or six inch heels are an essential *accoutrement*," says the five-foot-four inch beauty. "I've even worn eight-inchers once! They made me an imposing sight but were rather difficult to dance in." And what did the men think? "I think they rather liked being towered over by a big busted woman!"

So is Wendy a secret dominatrix? "What? Whips, leather and all that? Never!" she exclaims. "I just like to take control of my life, and that includes the men in it. I don't see why I should sit quietly in a corner waiting for some guy to chat me up." Perhaps this self assurance explains why Miss McDonald makes such an efficient office manager for the small publishing company where she works. "Perhaps, after appearing in *Mayfair*, I should come and work there instead?" She sounds a little too efficient for us!

laura

Photographs by Jack Harrison

If you bump into Laura Mitchell on one of her many jaunts around the country, don't laugh when she tells you where she comes from. Being blessed with a pair of the proudest 38C inch boobs in Britain does make coming from Chester sound like a cheap joke. "Sometimes I wish I was born in Macclesfield," smiles the 21-year-old whose bottom half is an equally shapely 24-35. "But I'm proud of the city." So proud she runs round it every morning! Her keep-fit schedule includes a dawn jog around the walls that surround the town. "It's not an easy run either," she says. "There are steps every 100 yards!"

Laura lives in a period cottage near the river, but regrets not having as much time to spend in it as she would like. Her work as a rep for a cosmetics company has her travelling all over Britain selling beauty aids from lipstick to leg wax! But the booby blonde doesn't have any problems flogging her wares — though she stresses that this is more due to her products than her physique. "I dress smartly rather than sexily when I'm out," Laura says. "Though I think there are some guys

who get turned on by girls in business-like suits." Laura's personal taste in clothes is less formal — loose skirts, big blouses and silk undies.

Although there's no disputing that Laura has grown outwards, some claim that she has never really grown up. "One or two jealous men think that because I share my bed with Edward and Toby instead of them," she grins. Edward and Toby are two of her collection of teddy bears which along with rag dolls (one appropriately called Mrs Simpson), and cuddly animals of every species form part of Laura's menagerie of toys. "I've kept all the ones from my childhood,

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

and when people are stuck for a present they get me another bear, so I've got over 100," she says proudly.

So why does a girl with a successful job and happy, stable home life, suddenly decide to try her hand at modelling? "I don't know. Perhaps I wanted to show that beneath the business suit, I was a sensual woman," Laura says thoughtfully. "I must admit that I enjoyed it, and was very flattered to make the centre pages." Her only dilemma is whether to tell her boss. "I'm sure he'd think that having a *Mayfair* model as a rep is a great selling point, I'm just not certain I can cope with all the extra attention." She pauses for a moment then adds with a surprisingly straight face. "I'll discuss it with Edward in bed tonight." Ⓜ

PIANO.
Adam Carse.

MAYFAIR

GIRL OF THE MONTH

laura

MAYFAIR

GIRL OF THE MONTH

laura

Evelyn

"Come back to my place," cooes Evelyn Dean. And there we are, squashed with our cameras into this lady's pride and joy — her studio flat in south London.

"Home is the place where I relax," smiles 21-year-old Evelyn, sinking her 35-23-34 figure into the soft leather sofa. "I've never been a nightclub sort of person, so I invite my friends here for intimate parties. I make all the food myself and there's

Photographs by Jean Rougeron

always plenty of music and drink. I like being a hostess almost as much as being a model."

What makes a good party, then, Evelyn? She answers enthusiastically – this is obviously her pet subject!

"The secrets of a good house party, I've found, are the atmosphere, and of course, lots of pretty girls. I always make sure I ask people to bring along an acquaintance or two. It's a great way to make new friends."

But no special friend yet?

"Not yet, but I always tell myself he could turn up at my next party!"

ANITA

Some people love the cult of the classic – famous old cars, beautiful antiques and fine wines. Others, like Anita Baker, are unashamedly modern. "I've had boyfriends who love vintage cars, steam trains and stuff like that, but I can't understand it," she said disparagingly. "Time moves on, and people should move with it." Which might explain why the 21-year-old from Durham lives in a flat which would almost certainly have the Prince of Wales making another anti-architecture documentary if he saw it. "I love clean lines, sharp angles and unusual shapes," she

---

Photographs by
Paul Shelley

says. "Some might even say my men are like that too!" Ask Anita to describe her ideal male and something from the pages of *Arena* starts to take shape. The 34-22-33 brunette likes guys who are almost painfully slim, with long hair in a pony tail and features as angular as her apartment block. "Not that there are many here in Durham," she moans. By day, Anita works in a florists preparing bouquets. Not exactly a job that allows her to express her modernistic tastes. "We did have a rather dishy bloke in recently, and I was tempted to design something really surreal to impress him," she said with a smile. "Then he told me it was for his 70-year-old Mum!" Ⓜ

DORA

"I'm a very warm person," 18-year-old Dora Ward tells us. "I love soft fabrics in rich colours, especially velvet."

Although Dora (36-25-36) was born in Leeds, she is half Italian and she guesses that this is where her warm nature comes from. "Latin people are often more sensuous and passionate than people from colder countries," she observes, "and they like to express themselves through their bodies and their clothes.

"I always wear touchable clothes like angora or soft lambswool. They're much sexier than man-made materials which aren't skin friendly at all! I work in an accountancy office and have to wear boring suits, and I perk up everybody's day by getting them in deep blue, or red, or turquoise."

That's all very well, but what does Dora choose to wear underneath all that wool? "Silk! That's the only material for undies and white is the only colour. Wool might make me look nice and cuddly, which I know a lot of men like, but silk undies are what really convinces them I'm a grown-up, sexy woman rather than just a cute little girl."

Photographs by Ralph Medland

Although she should be studying to pass her accountancy exams, Dora is spending a lot of her time out on the town. "It's wicked of me really, but I think if I don't have fun now while I'm young I never will! The future will take care of itself – if I don't pass the exams this time, there are plenty of years ahead of me." Or perhaps Dora could just get a man to take care of her? "Oh no – I'd like to keep my independence for a while yet. In any case, I'm going through my wild stage right now and I don't think I could find a man to keep up with me!" Ⓜ

LETTERS

We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Close shave

I've been a regular reader of *Mayfair* for 15 years, and was pleased to see the more modern layout in the last few issues. My recent marriage to a sexy young lady several years my junior has prodded me to write with a suggestion.

When I first slept with the girl who's now my wife (she's 22, I'm 36) I was delighted to discover that she had trimmed her pubic hairs. I don't mean she was totally bare: just shaven underneath, and a pretty trim to leave a neat bush in front. She told me a lot of younger girls do this, and I must say it's a tremendous turn-on. On our wedding night, I gently rubbed baby oil into the soft skin of her pussy mound before we made love, and I have to say that it was one of the most erotic experiences I have ever had.

Perhaps *Mayfair* will include some trimmed ladies in future issues. I can't be the only fan!

JL, Manchester

Women's writes

Do as many women as I suspect read *Mayfair*? I can't say the cars and fighter planes interest me much, but the girls definitely intrigue me. I don't think I'm a lesbian but I do find the female form irresistibly attractive. I love the soft curves of a beautiful woman's body and a pair of pert boobs is the height of physical perfection.

I have often found myself caressing my boobs and nipples in response to a particularly sexy girl and over the years *Mayfair* has become a large part of my solo sexual adventures. In response to the gorgeous bodies I see, I often feel a tingling in my pussy and a juicing up between my fanny lips. This has to be relieved by a quick rub from my finger and an intense orgasm.

Do other women feel this way? I'd love to hear their views.

NP (Mrs), Chester

French connection

Where oh where did you find Anais (Vol 26 No 3)? I have never seen such a gorgeous, sexy, and yet elegant girl, either in a magazine or in real life! I think it's time to spend some of my hard-earned cash on a villa in the South of France so I have a chance of meeting someone like her. It seems to me that the ladies of other European countries have a grace and style that is lacking in our own girls, beautiful though they are. Perhaps with the approaching link in 1992, some of those qualities will filter over here!

BW, Cambridge

First time

One of the most important experiences in a man's life is the loss of his virginity. I expect that in most cases, the episode takes the form of a drunken liason with a girl the man will never see again, but this was not the case with me and I'd like to share my experience with other *Mayfair* readers.

When I was 18 I met Audrey, a friend of my mother's. She came round regularly at weekends, being the wife of my father's new business partner. The first time I saw her, my jaw just dropped open. She was gorgeous, and everything an older woman should be. Rounded and in good shape with large mature boobs and a brilliant smile, she seemed to take an instant liking to me. She also seemed to take every opportunity to speak to me on my own.

One afternoon, my father arrived early from a business trip and telephoned my mother to pick him up from the airport. "Will you keep an eye on the place?" she asked Audrey, who'd just settled down for one of their girlie chats. "I won't be long."

My throat went dry at the prospect of being alone in the house with Audrey. She smiled at me secretly as she answered my mother, "Don't you worry about a thing."

I was too nervous to stay in the room and I fled to my bedroom. When I turned around, there was Audrey, beaming at me.

"I make you very nervous, don't I, Jimmy?" she breathed. I tried to think of something to say, but ended up nodding dumbly at her instead.

Audrey smiled, moving a little closer, then I felt my inexperienced cock stiffen as she opened up my fly and wrapped her warm fingers round my shaft. She massaged my cock rythmically, cupping my balls, until I thought I would come in her hand but by now I wanted to get this burden of virginity off my shoulders, and I wanted to be deep inside sexy Audrey.

With an assertiveness I didn't know I possessed, I pulled her to me and gave her a deep, if rather inept, kiss. I'd been dreaming about this! As I kissed her, I squeezed her boobs feverishly, feeling for the first time a woman's nipples go hard at my touch. She moaned and pulled me on top of her on the bed. In a husky voice she told me to take off her panties which I did with trembling fingers, my cock achingly stiff. The sight of her wet pussy with its dark curls and plump lips finally took away all my inhibitions. I leapt on her and sank my rigid young cock into her warm hole.

I can't say I would have won any best lover awards on that occasion. After two thrusts I came deep inside gorgeous Audrey. But she just smiled and with her experienced fingers coaxed my greedy cock back to life.

We made a great deal of progress in the two hours before my parents returned, by which time we had dressed and were sipping tea in the lounge. Our affair continued for some months afterwards, and I firmly believe no man could have asked for a better introduction to the art of love. Have any other readers lost their virginity in a memorable way?

JH, Birmingham

Torrid tutorial

At my university, *Mayfair* has attracted quite a large following among the students, which is unusual for a glamour magazine. So, I thought I'd write and let you know what a growing corner of your readership is getting up to!

I should tell you first, if you don't know already, that everything they say people get up to at university is true. Sex is such a standard part of student life they should mention it in the prospectus! It was definitely a bit of a shock for me when I first arrived to discover that every grey-haired academic was really a well disguised sex-object!

When I arrived I was assigned a personal tutor, who's supposed to keep an eye on you. It's normal practice for him to take you to lunch and buy you the odd drink, so I didn't think much of it, except that I started to fancy him. His name was Bernard and he was a bit younger than most of them and had a really sexy smile. I told my daring friend Clare that I beginning to like him and she urged me to overcome my shyness and do something about

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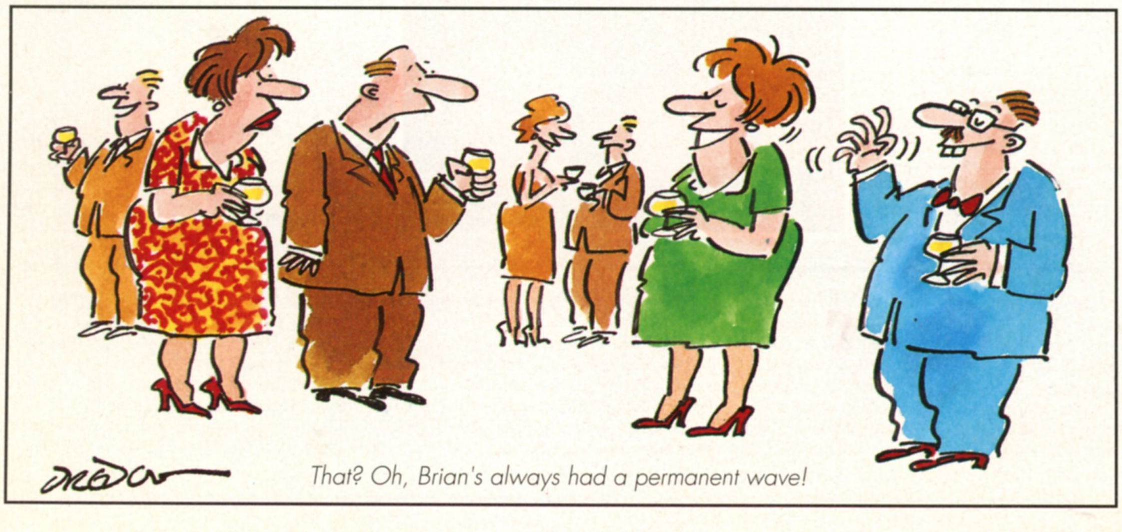

That? Oh, Brian's always had a permanent wave!

LETTERS
MAIL
ER

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my feelings. All I needed was a bit of encouragement!

One day in his office I decided to make the first move. I hung back after the class and thought up the first question I could, and, as he answered, I sat on the corner of the desk so he could see right between my legs. To my surprise, he blushed right to the roots of his hair.

That confirmed my suspicions and my shyness left me. I took his hand and slid it up my skirt, so that he could feel my damp panties. I felt his fingers creep round the material and then slide deliciously into my pussy. I couldn't contain a gasp as he thrust his finger firmly in and out.

I could see that his trousers were bulging around the crotch, so I got off the desk and knelt on the floor and unzipped his fly. His large erection stood upright, rigid and waiting, so I licked the end gently and then sank his whole length into my mouth. My horny tutor moaned as I sucked firmly on his cock, gently squeezing his balls with one hand as my head moved up and down on him.

Just then, there was a knock at the door! We sprang apart, looking guilty, and my tutor began to stuff his diminishing willy into his trousers– but it was Clare's cheeky face peeping round the door!

"I thought I'd find you here," she smiled. "Don't let me stop you."

She came in, locking the door behind her and went straight over to Bernard. His eyes were wide as she revived his flagging cock with her hand and lips. Then she matter-of-factly pulled her dress over her head, revealing her rounded figure barely contained in creamy lace camisole and panties. The sight of her turned me on even more. This was turning out to be the sexiest experience of my entire life!

As she wriggled out of her panties, she beckoned for Bernard to lie on the floor. My fingers found their way between my legs and my pussy was wet with my caressings. I went over to Bernard and slid onto his hard cock, pumping up and down hard. An orgasm welled up inside me, and Bernard was groaning with his own approaching climax. Then his groans were muffled, as Clare positioned her eager pussy over his face for him to lick her.

I was oblivious to everything except the delicious shooting sensations going through my body, which I intensified by tweaking my nipples as I rode Bernard. It was the most wonderful, exciting sex I'd ever had. A few seconds later, I felt Bernard come deep inside me, and Clare gave a squeal that I was convinced could be heard all the way down the corridor as she reached her own climax.

Lessons with Bernard have never been the same since our extra tutorial. We meet up for our exclusive lessons regularly now: as you can see, university is the place to be!
Christina, Wales.

Tempting Tina

Thankyou to *Mayfair* for yet more gorgeous girls! And best of the bunch was terrific Tina in Vol 26 No 2. I envy the regulars who get served by her in her pub in Birmingham! She has that naughty, but innocent look that has always made barmaids irresistible. And what's more, she was wearing the sort of underwear that drives a mild-mannered businessman like myself into a frenzy.

I am a firm believer that the beautiful female form was designed with white frillies in mind, and I think tempting Tina's slow strip of her lacy undies proves me right. In that seductive pose of hers, she reminds me quite uncannily of a sexy girlfriend I had when I was a student, who was also a barmaid and a true connoisseur of lacy bits and pieces. We had the most amazing torrid affair lasting several years and Tina brought all those times back to life again. In fact, while it's on my mind, I think I might put pen to paper and tell *Mayfair* readers all about it...next month!
G. Jones, Plymouth

Peak of perfection

In its new format, *Mayfair* is just the right size and flexibility to fit into the front pocket of my rucksack. I'm an avid climber, and also a *Mayfair* fan, but until now, the two hobbies have been incompatible. But now when I take out my lunch on the summit of Snowdon, I've got a bevvy of gorgeous girls with me too!
George, Kendal

Raunch in the restaurant

No matter how happy your marriage is, the sex can get a tad dull after ten years. But after trying lots of ways to pep it up a bit, my wife and I have stumbled on a cure for bedroom boredom.

There is a grain of truth in all that nonsense about romantic meals for two after all, but it's not the not the quiet restaurant or the oysters that makes a difference; it's what you get up to under the table! In fact now that my wife and I have got footsie down to a fine art, we prefer busy restaurants where we have to be extra skillful.

The best place to start, though is a secluded corner in a fairly quiet restaurant. It was me who began it all. My wife was munching her steak, when she suddenly jumped and gave me a startled look, which rapidly changed to one of melting pleasure. Under the table, I'd slipped off my shoe and sock and, after warming my foot against the radiator (very important) I'd slid it between her legs and was gently tickling her clit with my big toe.

My wife stopped chewing and stared at me. Casually slicing my steak, I rubbed a little harder and faster, feeling her growing wet against my toe. After a short hesitation, she squirmed against me, and bit her lip to suppress a moan. The waiter came and poured out more wine, not noticing my wife was in the middle of the most intense orgasm she'd had in years. After this we burst into fits of giggles, and on going home, had the best love-making session since the early days of our marriage.

After doing this a few times, my wife became a little more daring. In fact I think she must have practising while I was at work, because her dextrousness in opening my fly with her feet while she calmly twirled her

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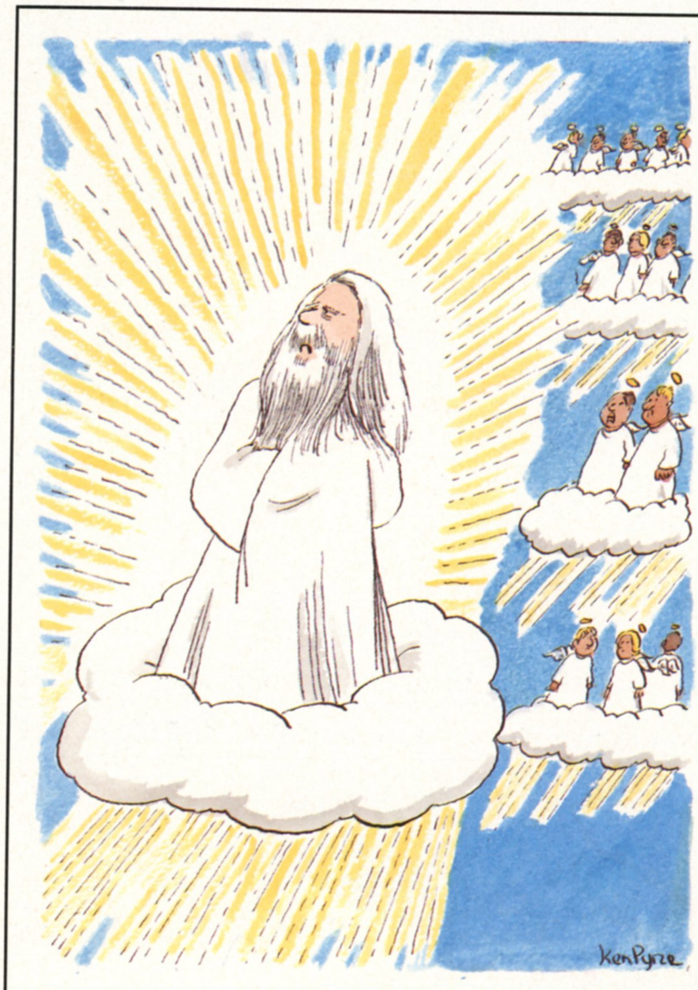


He thinks he's Napoleon.

LETTERS

Continued from page 52

spaghetti had to be experienced to be believed! I felt these warm stockinged toes fiddling around the top of my trousers, and my cock rapidly swelled hard as she took it between her feet and gently rolled and massaged it between the soles. All the time, she chatted happily to me as if nothing was happening. I was trying not to show any external signs of my approaching climax, as we had by this session progressed to quite crowded restaurants, but it was incredibly difficult. I gripped my wine glass with a frozen smile as she fondled remorselessly on. Through gritted teeth I whispered to her, "Just you wait till I get you home, you temptress!"

The speed of her rubbing increased and I could feel myself losing control. Keeping up the rhythm she produced a tissue from her handbag and passed it under the table.

Just in time, because with a suppressed moan I came. It left me trembling, but my wife continued chatting as if I looked perfectly unshaken. The most skillful part is probably in the clearing up!

This has changed our love-life so dramatically that I would recommend it to all married couples. The most important thing to remember of course is that you keep your toenails clipped and tidy!

S Ford, London

Signal failure

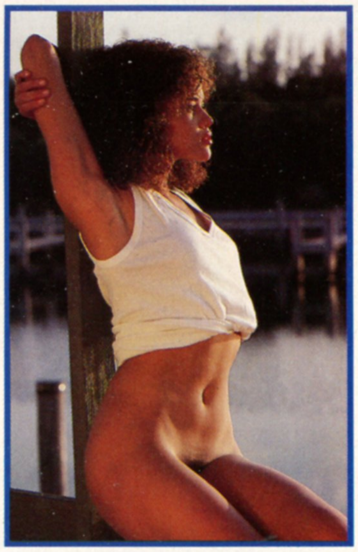
I was very interested to read your Quest on women seducing men, particularly because this has never happened to me! After reading this most informative piece, I now realise that for years I have been misinterpreting signals that could have lead to many sexual encounters. I was always under the mistaken impression that women invariably like to be 'chased', but I now see the error of my ways!

TR, Norfolk

Holiday lust

As one of your many female readers with a love of women's bodies, I was most aroused by the pictures of Regina (Vol 26 No 4). I don't know what it is about foreign shores, but they seem to encourage an unaccustomed intimacy which, in my own case, lead to my first lesbian encounter last summer.

I'm an attractive 32-year-old brunette, and my friend Julie is 28 and a sexy blonde. Last summer we both decided to leave our husbands behind and go to Greece for a fortnight of sunshine, swimming and relaxation.



It was the first holiday I'd had away from my husband for several years, so I was really excited. Julie is much more adventurous than I am, and it was she who suggested Mykonos, one of the less well-known Greek islands.

We had a shared room in a lovely little hotel overlooking the beach, and absolutely crawling with attractive Tom Conti lookalikes lying in wait for English tourists like ourselves. But right from the start, Julie was keen to escape the crowds and head off to the quiet coves on the other side of the island. So we hired scooters, packed ourselves some lunch, and on our second day set out.

Julie tans quickly, and looked really good in her skimpy top and pink shorts, with her long blonde hair billowing out behind her. As we drove along, side by side in the sunshine, she gave me an excited smile, which, to my astonishment sent a shiver up my spine.

At last, we found the quiet cove we were looking for and unloaded all our towels and food onto the beach. We had intended to sunbathe, but the sea looked so inviting, we just had to go in.

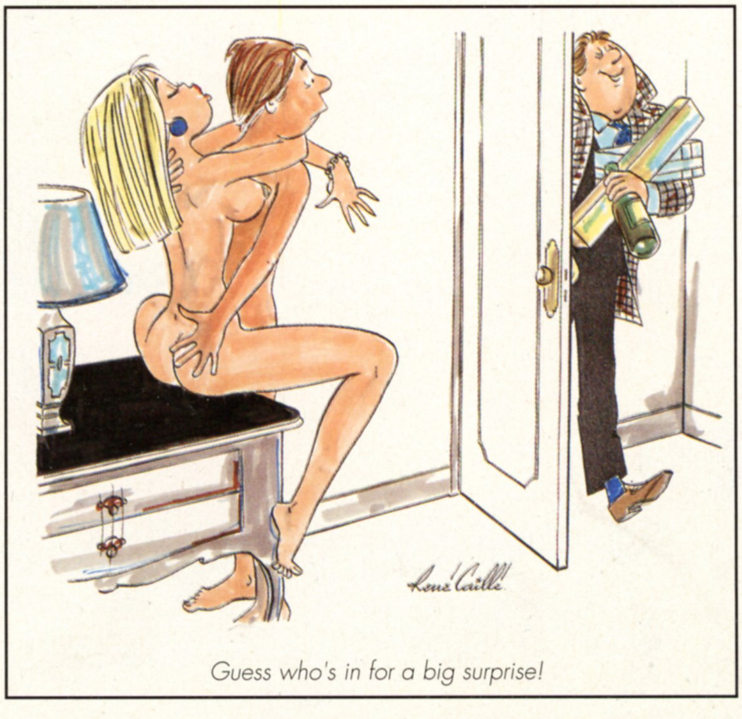
"It's gorgeous!" cried Julie, and ran to the edge, dipping her toes in. "And it's warm!" she called back to me. I hovered uncertainly. Then, as I watched, she pulled her top up over her head, peeled off her shorts and panties and stood naked, ankle deep in the sea, looking at me. "Come on!" she urged me.

Suddenly excited, I took off my T-shirt, and exposed my ample boobs to the sun. I've always looked after my body, and I've never been embarrassed of it. The sea breeze on my nipples made them stand up, and as I walked over to Julie, I could feel my pussy getting damp.

She took my hand and we walked into the sea together. The coldness was a shock, and Julie was adamant that the only way to get used to it was to jump in. So saying, she pushed me!

As I was floundering and gasping, I suddenly felt her arms round me and she pulled me up to a kneeling position. As I shivered with cold, and with the unexpected pleasure of her touch, she kissed me deeply and I felt her hands begin to caress my boobs. She took her lips from my mouth to my nipples and began sucking them, making me dizzy with pleasure.

My hands were braver than I was and they began to explore her wet body, sliding over her pert breasts and down to the soft curls of her pubic hair. She moaned as I slid my finger into the warmth of her pussy and she sucked harder on my nipples. I've always been able to have an orgasm just by having my boobs played with, and Julie knew exactly what she was doing. As she sucked and licked on my nipples, she found the little hard button of my clit which she stroked gently, until with a moan I experienced a shuddering orgasm. Then, as I watched, she slipped her hand under the water between her legs and brought herself off, tilting her head back and gasping with her own climax. The force of it made her topple back into the sea, and we were helpless with giggles.



Guess who's in for a big surprise!

The beach was still deserted and we swam and dozed, until we felt like making love again. It was the best holiday I've ever had and I now have to admit that being touched by a woman really turns me on. Now Julie and I take every opportunity to get away from it all – together!

Shirley, Wilts

More of Amanda

What a treat to see a real English rose like Amanda Kendall (Vol 26 No 2), and how was she discovered in such a desolate spot as Dartmoor? It only goes to show that it's not only in the city where one can see the most beautiful girls. They're there out in the countryside too, although it takes a little more perseverance to find them! Unless, of course, you have *Mayfair* to do it for you!

D McDonald, Newcastle

Traditional tipple

I found your piece on malt whiskies in Vol 26 No 2 fascinating, but why have you missed out the great classic of them all, *Glenmorangie*? A great tradition among red-blooded Scots like myself is a large tot of this nectar among malts enjoyed at leisure on the summit of Ben Nevis.

I have also found that a woman who can stomach a good measure of whisky tends to be the sort of woman who knows how to enjoy herself – I simply wouldn't go out with a woman who didn't have the discernment to appreciate an excellent malt. The women who have however, are, as the author seems also to have found out, rather too few and far between.

G. Weston, Oban Ⓜ

SCENE

On the Scene this issue: Bob Holmes puts the managers on the spot (opposite), cult author Charles Bukowski on booze and crazy women (page 16), lovely Yasmin le Bon shows what made her a catwalk supermodel, (page 23), and Tony Price drives the Lotus-eating Caterham Super Seven (page 30).

Plus our exclusive star quotes, our elusive news stories and a whole month's worth of entertainment with the Mayfair stamp of approval.

gizmos

SIZE ISN'T EVERYTHING

FOR THE man who has everything except a very small camera, here's the Big Mini (£99.99) from Konica. The latest hi-tech accessory from Japan is fully automatic and fits into your jacket pocket or briefcase, ready to be whipped out to capture those intimate moments a bulky camera might intrude upon. At least that's what we assume it's for, as the only other practical use for a tiny camera is espionage, and there's no chance of hiding the Konica behind your tie.

The smallest 35mm compact in the world, it's around the same size as an audio tape. If this minimalism catches on, will it no longer be hip to carry 15 lenses, three bodies, four flash guns and a couple of tripods? We hope not: it's the sight of roving lensman Ralph Medland sweating under all that gear that makes our mornings in the office worthwhile.

glamour

BARE BEAR BOOBS

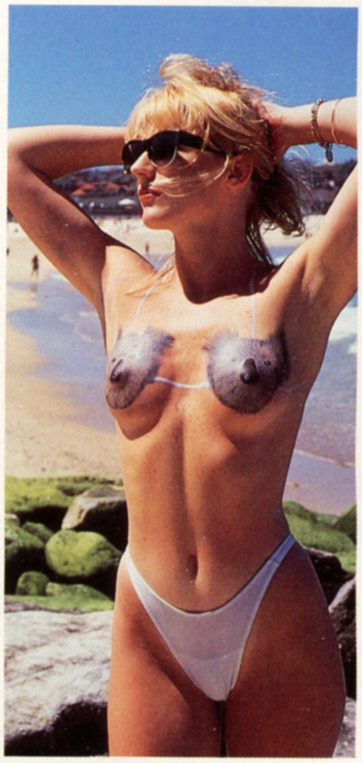
THEY'VE got a lot up top down under, it seems. Certainly Australian artist Ross Fairhurst and model Dannielle knew what they were doing when they came up with the Koala-Kini, a cheeky way of getting around Sydney's strict rules against topless sunbathing.

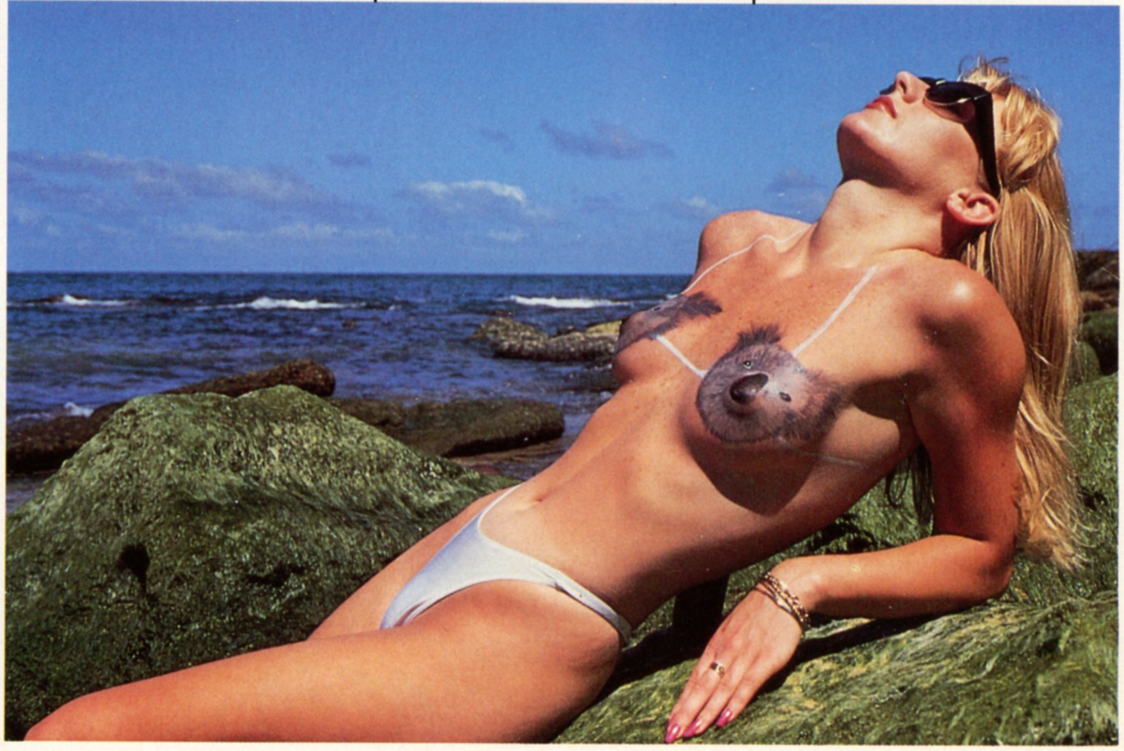
Dan, as she likes to be known, walked the length of Bondi beach sporting her painted boobs, and though she got a few second glances she avoided the unwelcome attentions of the local law.

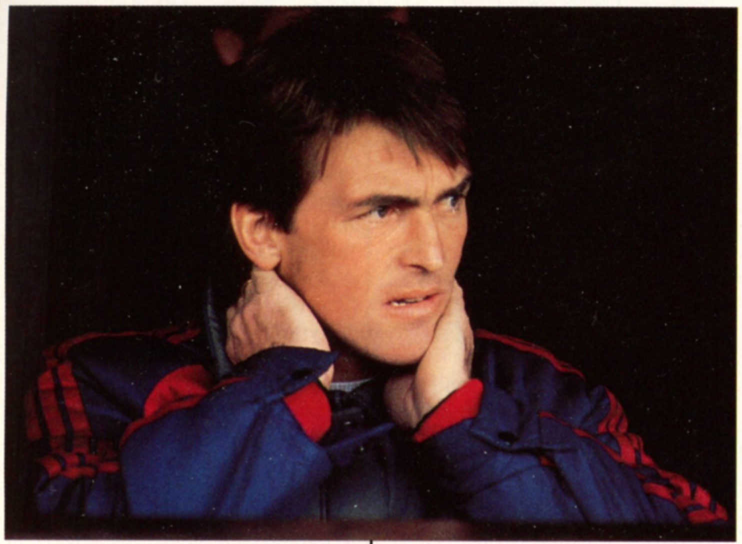
"I don't know why more people don't do it," Ross told our reporter. "Well all know it's a lot more fun to go without clothes, but nudist beaches are usually miles away and not in on the action, so this is the perfect solution.

"It's great for the artist too. Your pictures move like they're alive. Next time I'm going to see if we can get away with Dan being totally naked, though I'm not sure what picture will properly cover her up lower down!"

Just one problem with Ross's efforts. The paint is water-based, so one dip in the Pacific would leave lovely Dan *completely* as nature indended. That's animal magic...







Left: Dalglish the manager, in the dugout shortly before his resignation. Right: Dalglish the player, celebrating triumph in the 1976 FA Cup final.

sport

PITCH BATTLE SURVIVORS

THE FOOTBALL season is reaching its climax, and the contenders for League title and FA Cup are into the home straight. But, for the bosses at least, this time of year brings a paradox with it: you can bet that the managers with most to celebrate will be the least likely to do so.

There are gaffers and gaffers. By now the sharp-suited champagne quaffers and cigar chompers have bowed out in the semis and play-offs: for yet another year, they'll be filling their cabinets with drinks rather than trophies. And as they trot out their excuses and massage their egos on the Med, the honours will be unevenly spread among men who speak in monosyllables, have a charisma rating of nil, and marshall teams like Stormin' Norman marshalls troops – but without the jokes.

There are a few characters still in with a chance: Big Ron may for once get more than a sun tan, while that acceptable face of the spiv, El Tel, has done well to keep his jewels out of the pawnbrokers. But most titles will be won by gnarled northerners and Scots who regard a knees-up as a visit to the treatment table and a tabloid journalist as the lowest form of traitor.

For this uncompromising breed the quote is something to be extracted under anaesthetic, while pretty football is left to practitioners of subbuteo. As long as they score, forwards can break every rule in the handbook: as long as they keep a clean sheet, their defences can defy the Geneva Convention.

But the idea that the precious formula for successful football management can be found simply by being a bastard is like thinking you can split the atom with a chemistry set. The truth is more subtle.

If anyone had discovered – or, rather, inherited from the Anfield boot room – the elusive elixir of success it was surely Kenny Dalglish, until recently the undisputed king of the Kop. Yet bottling it up inside him led to an implosion that was deemed such a shock to the nation that its announcement interrupted travel information at Euston and Gulf coverage on Radio 4.

Why was Dalglish's fall such big news? Simply because *we couldn't believe it*. Why should a man with one of the greatest track records of all time behind him and the prospect of the crowning glory of a League and Cup double in front of him, just throw in the towel? The answer, of course, is that we see only the glory: we don't see the pressure and fear that comes with the manager's seat at Anfield. We couldn't believe it simply because we didn't – and never will – really understand the position which Dalglish was in.

He appeared to be the archetypal hard-nosed, tight lipped gaffer – a great player and a granite-hewn manager, utterly his own man yet with the respect of board, team and fans, a boss who who had continued to apply the Midas touch in a manner that would have earned the approval of the legendary and similarly tartan-tongued Bill Shankly.

Indeed, no one could have been more committed to the Liverpool cause than Dalglish, whose familiar Jack-in-the-Box performances on the bench were an uncanny barometer of the club's on-field fortunes. Yet the grimace concealed a fierce loyalty to his family which, along with his dignity after the Hillsborough tragedy, hinted that behind the football facade quite a decent bloke was seeking to get out.

The pressure that persuaded him to chuck in the most sought-after post in the game is perhaps better handled by less sensitive souls than the intense Dalglish. But thick skin isn't enough: the job is to cajole and coerce a motley collection of young nobodies into becoming local or national heroes – especially if their idea of a leg-over situation does not always involve a decoy with a free kick.

Nice guys, though, often do finish last. Nice guys like Ron Greenwood, about whom an anonymous West Ham player once said: "He's such a great coach he could make a field of cows do something other than chew grass." But he still could not turn footballers into winners.

Matt Busby was an undoubted nice guy and winner besides being a father figure to George Best, but his strategy of "give it to George" may not have worked today. In contrast, you suspect that the passionate shouts of Sergeant Major Shanks, who was a contemporary of Sir Matt's, would have survived.

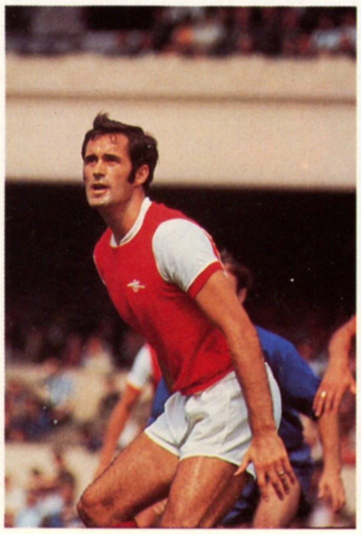
Once, after reducing Busby's United to also-rans in his team talk, Shanks was asked: "But you haven't mentioned Law, Best and Charlton?" The boss angrily retorted: "You mean you cannae beat a team with three men in it?"

Barking expletives to the troops in training is one of the easy bits, and there is no shortage of retired pro, hard-case candidates for the job. But where such barkers and bollockers frequently fall short is in handling the chairman, who might be anything from the local butcher to Robert Maxwell, handling the fans, whose patience is something less than that of Job, and in remembering the missus' birthday when you're watching a promising winger on a wet night in Workington.

Other pitfalls, which explain why you only need a four year tenure to make the top 20 in the league of longest serving managers, are encountered when the board tells you to flog the players who have kept you in the division and in wages – to make ends meet. Or, for better-heeled types, to ensure that your new £1M signing actually receives a pass from his jealous colleagues.

You do not need a double first in maths to suss that three points on Saturday is the easy solution, but you may need the deft touches of Pythagoras, Freud, Stormin' Norman and Marjorie Proops to actually achieve it.

But how come the longest serving and most celebrated gaffer of all is Brian Clough? Maybe it's because he once said: "Football hooligans – there are 92 chairmen for a start..." – *Bob Holmes*



From strength to strength: left, George Graham in action for Arsenal in the 70s, and right, as manager with the League trophy in 1989

books

BARFLY BLUES

HIS LIFE history is written on his face. Decades of bar room fistfights, a nose ballooned from drink, sparkling eyes the colour of nothing set deep in his forehead.

Charles Bukowski has 45 books of poetry and fiction behind him, and uncountable thousands of bottles. The autobiographical 1987 cult movie *Barfly*, starring Mickey Rourke, went some way to explain the spirit of America's foremost chronicler of the low life, but you only get the real truth from his books: rambling journeys through booze, violence and sex, peopled by easy girls and alcoholics, all told in a deceptively deadpan style. For Bukowski, life is the story: he just tells it as plain as he can.

But Bukowski has escaped from the twilight world he writes about. He knows he's box office all over the world: an evening with the 70-year-old poet and novellist reveals a man largely shedding his tyrannical image, exposing a stately old lion underneath.

"I've drunk more alcohol than most men have drunk water," he says with pride.

Yet like many male writers with a notorious reputation, one of the most fascinating aspects of Bukowski's life is his stable 12-year marriage to Linda, a long-time resident of the South Bay, just outside Los Angeles. A health enthusiast, she's managed to make him limit his alcohol intake to wine and beer. "He'll stay healthy for years," she says of the man many people thought would have fought and drunk himself to death decades ago.

Mayfair: What were your goals when you first started as a writer?

Bukowski: I became a writer because I had bad parents who brutalised me. I had a school notebook. One day I picked up a pen and opened up the pages and I started writing. It was a thing that just jumped out. I went on to junior school and whenever I wrote something, everyone just went kind of crazy, saying, "This is brilliant stuff." Somehow I hit the road and I got into drinking. I felt I wasn't quite ready to be a great writer at that moment. I just felt I hadn't gelled.

During this time of bumming around and living with crazy women and drinking, of course, I got material which came in handy when I began writing again.

Mayfair: Was it a real struggle when you started out?

Bukowski: I think back on all the small rooms I lived in: the cheap tiny rooms when I starved trying to write. I adored being half mad. I adored being in hell. I adored not being able to get the rent up and waiting for a return response from a short story I sent out to the *New Yorker*.

I felt I was living high and good. I really wasn't suffering. To another person it might have seemed horrible. To me it was a necessary and great and glowing thing – the gamble of it. I loved it.

Mayfair: What are your goals now?

Bukowski: My goals are just to keep that typewriter humming and producing as it always has. Of course I'm 70 now and that should cause a slowdown, but the juices are really flowing.

Mayfair: What's different on Skid Row now as compared to the days when you were down there?

Bukowski: It's much harder now, with the drugs and more unemployment and less sympathy for the homeless. It's much sadder.

When I used to go down there it was a lark. You know, go down to Skid Row for a couple of weeks. You could bounce back. But there are families down there now and women and drugs and they kill each other and it's pretty gruesome and pretty horrible.

In my time it used to be just guys drinking wine, you know, and some of them had a good time; they thought it was adventuresome. There's no feeling of adventure now. You're just there because there isn't any place else to go.

Mayfair: Do you have any advice for someone who's down and out?

Bukowski: No, I would just say, "For your warmth, go to the wine instead of drugs and try to last it out."

Mayfair: Do you like living on the outskirts of Los Angeles?

Bukowski: I love it. This is a place where there are very few poets, or painters, or moviemakers, very few anything other than common, average human beings. And this is very refreshing – just to meet someone who isn't a so-called artiste.

So-called artistes are great pains, you know. Even when they're good, they're only good artistes for a short period of time: a year, two years, three years. Fame gets to them or money gets to them or drugs, or any number of things. So usually someone who calls himself an artist is someone who was an artist in the past and had a little luck and now they're being held up by their publicity agents.

I always said you can go to bed being a writer and wake up being nothing at all. This is because you haven't lived properly, acted properly or drunk enough. I think I've endured because I started so late and I'm still making up ground.

Mayfair: Do you think women have changed much since you wrote the novel *Women* in 1978?

Bukowski: I've been with the same woman for 12 years now and been a good boy and haven't cheated, so I'd have to go back a ways. But I doubt very much if women have changed at all. They're very difficult, whimsical creatures. Very changeable. Men are hardly as changeable as women and I think that's the main difference.

Men here are trapped by the American way of admiring a woman for her so-called beauty. And women get used to flattery, gifts and all eyes upon them and when this stops, as it does when women age, they rather miss this overadulation. When it's taken away, I think I've found that women become quite bitter about it. This is a very sad thing to be.

Mayfair: Would you say that the feminists are right, then, that a woman should develop her mind?

Bukowski: That's a very good point, but there are all kinds of feminists. There are good feminists and there are bad feminists. It depends on the individual.

Mayfair: How are you different from your macho, chauvinist image?

Bukowski: That image is created word-of-mouth by people who haven't read the totality, all the pages. It's almost, I'm sorry to say, without foundation. Although I will say in my life when I've met a woman you could call a bad woman, I've written her up as a bad woman. Also when I was a bad man, I wrote myself up as a bad man. So I think I'm pretty fair.

Mayfair: Do you think – as you used to write – that colleges ruin writers?

Bukowski: Of course.

Mayfair: How?

Bukowski: If you're weak enough to seek instruction you're generally not strong enough to do anything else.

Mayfair: Are creative writing teachers lower on your list than people who call themselves artists?

Bukowski: Oh, gosh. I don't know which is worse! – *Mary Ann Swisler*

Mickey Rourke as Bukowski in the classic 1987 biopic Barfly

© Mary Ann Swisler/Village View/New York Times

mayfair hears

Who said that? Mayfair sticks its ear where it doesn't belong

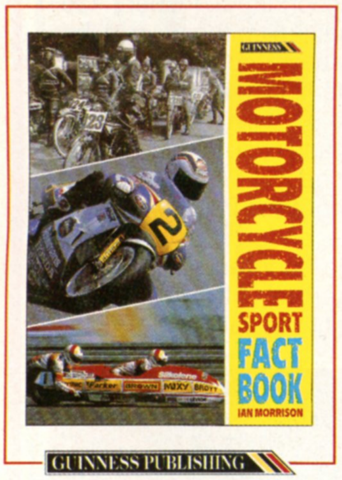
'I prefer surfing to sex' – Jason Donovan getting his priorities wrong.

'I said to my boyfriend, "Kiss me where it smells" so he drove me to Wapping' – Bette Midler kicking up a stink.

'My mother believes that sex is good for your health – and so do I' – Jerry Hall taking Mum's word for it.

'I think Michael Keaton dressed as Batman is sexy. I like the idea of a man wearing all that rubber' – Kim Basinger on her hottest date to date.

'You know the worst thing about oral sex? The view' – Maureen Lipman chomping at the bit.



action

HARD RIDERS

GUINNESS and motorcycling might seem like a dangerous combination, unless you happen to be talking about *The Guinness Motorcycle Sport Fact Book*, a tome to settle every pub debate on two-wheeled racing. From the start of the motorcycling competition in 1896 with a race from Paris to Nantes and back (94.5 miles) at an average 22 mph, to today's 180 mph machines red-lining well in excess of 22,000 rpm, every detail about the sport, the bikes and their riders can be found within its hard covers. Or perhaps we should call them fairings?

For instance, you can forget the debate about the world's most successful rider. Those two recent contenders Kenny Roberts and Barry Sheene can only manage 27th and 46th place respectively. Giacomo Agostini of Italy on his 350 and 500 cc MV Agustas won five times the number of world championships Roberts did. However Roberts' bike manufacturers Yamaha have won more races than any other (a total of 350 in four classes). Big names Suzuki and Kawasaki have to settle for fourth and fifth places behind MV Agusta and Honda. Norton manages a creditable tenth.

The Guinness book also details the history of the notoriously dangerous Isle of Man TT races. Started in 1911 as a rebellion against the British government who refused to close roads for motorcycle racing or lift the 20 mph speed limit, the first TT was completed at a stately average 40 mph. The winner was J S Campbell on a 60hp Ariel-JAP. From the 1930s to the 1960s, Norton reigned on the twisting roads of Man before the inevitable Japanese takeover. The 1990 event was won by Carl Fogarty on a Honda roaring round at an average 110 mph with a top speed of nearly 180 mph — a feat even more remarkable when you consider that the island roads are lethally narrow and bumpy. The number of casualties over the last 80 years is not recorded.

Illustrated with some excellent action pictures, *The Guinness Motorcycle Sport Fact Book* has been compiled by sports author and statistician Ian Morrison and is published in May at £11.99. As well as tables containing every conceivable figure you might need to know, there are also profiles of the sport's greatest riders including Agostini, Hailwood, Roberts and Barry Sheene. Fortunately for him, Bazza's famous television ads for Brut seem to have been forgotten (though not by us!).

mayfair reads

Our round up of the tastiest true stories from the World's press

HEN PECKED husband Franz Gessen turned into pig-pecked plonker after his bullying wife Eva – all 20 stone of her – threatened to beat him up if he didn't submit to her demands. She ate so much that he was forced to rob banks to pay for her habit. When police caught up with him Gessen begged for mercy, saying that if he didn't come up with the goods she beat him up. "When I told her that I wasn't going to commit any more robberies she broke my nose and then cracked my ribs," explained Gessen. Police brought charges against his spouse and advised Franz to seek a divorce. – *Die Welt*

DAMON GRANTHAM was recently discovered by his local public services after spending the last 21 years of his life living in a public lavatory. Desolate after his wife kicked him out he sought refuge in the gents in a New York subway, and liked it so much he stayed there. "It's cosy and dry and I've made a lot of friends over the years," said Grantham. "And anyway, it sure beats living at home with the wife." – *New York Times*

WALTER NELSON from Kidsgrove, who was knocked unconscious in a motorbike accident, awoke three months later convinced it was 1952. No matter what his family did to persuade the 67-year-old, they couldn't convince him otherwise. "The hardest part," said his wife Libby, "is that he doesn't even recognise me as we didn't get married until 1958." – *Daily Telegraph*

G327 VPE
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motoring

LOTUS EATER

The Lotus Seven is, quite simply, a legend in its own laptime. Designed by Colin Chapman, and popularised by the cult tv series *The Prisoner*, it was once regarded as 'too fast to race'.

Some people called the Seven a four-wheeled motorbike. These people do not recognise quality when they see it: the Seven is pure magic.

Conceived in the days when any enthusiast could set up in business building Ford-engined GRP/alloy-bodied specials, it harks back to that golden age of motoring before they invented the national speed limit. Three and a half decades later it is the only special to survive: yes, you can still buy one new.

It is no longer built by Lotus, who long ago abandoned the Seven in favour of a range of would-be Ferraris and a new Elan. The latter, whilst no mean performer, looks like a scaled-up version of the Sinclair C5 and is also front-wheel drive, which makes you wonder if the true Lotus aficionado wouldn't rather stick with a Seven.

If so, he need only head for the Surrey stockbroker belt and the headquarters of Caterham Cars, who now design and build the re-named, re-vitalised and remarkable Caterham Super Seven.

Often described as the closest thing you can get to a racing car on the road, the Super Seven is also probably the closest you can get to the road without actually lying down on it. Weighing just 1300lbs (that's considerably less than a Mini), the car itself is tiny and is equipped with nothing more than you need to have a good time. There are, for example, no doors; if it starts raining, your best bet is to put your foot down and outrun the storm.

A development of the Lotus Seven MkIII, it remains very close to Chapman's own concept of a simple, strong, street-legal club racer. It is also unbelievably cheap.

The closest Caterham get to Chapman's original is perhaps the 1600GT, an 84bhp roadhog which you can pick up for around £11,200. There's also the Sprint, which boosts the power up to 110bhp at 6000rpm. But for those who want more – and they're always around – the 1700 Super Sprint represents the ultimate development so far. At £13,000, it sticks to the tarmac with substantial 185/60-14 tyres and puts out 135bhp: given a useful driver, it's all but uncatchable on normal roads. The low weight, extremely low centre of gravity and overall agility make it a driver's car *par excellence*. It may look a little old-fashioned to the uninitiated (your Gran, for instance), but its performance is bang up to date.

With the best power-to-weight ratio outside of Formula One, the Seven's acceleration is incredible. Even in its most basic form you're looking at 0-60 in seven and a half seconds, whilst the optional 1.7 litre will knock another two seconds off, taking you into the Ferrari Testarossa league. Admittedly you get two doors with your Testarossa – but are they really worth an extra £50K each?

The Testarossa of course will hit 180 mph, as opposed to the Seven's apparently humble 112, but mere statistics lie: the Seven's near horizontal driving configuration and absence of doors make it seem like 180, so don't worry about it.

The only real advantage of a Testarossa is that it comes ready made. The Seven comes as a box of bits. To compare the Seven to a kit car, however, would be like comparing a Harrods hamper with a packed lunch. Like flares, kit cars were a tacky 60s and 70s phenomenon which we'd all sooner forget. The idea was simple enough – you stuck together a bunch of bits, bolted them onto an old Cortina chassis mated to a Jag rear axle and a Vauxhall Viva front-end – but in practise they were crap. Nothing ever fitted, half the bits were missing, and in the unlikely event of your getting it going the police would bust you for possession of an offensive vehicle in a built-up area.

The Caterham Seven is a different proposition altogether. They call it customer completion – ie, they do most of the work and you finish it off. This may seem an odd way to go about things, but hold on: there's method in their madness.

In order to gain Type Approval from the powers that be, it is necessary to lend a car to those strange dummies that pop up in the Volvo ads. You may have noticed that, no matter where they're driving, these boys always manage to trash the car by stuffing it into a brick wall at the end of a runway. Caterham Cars certainly noticed this, and being sensible chaps they decided not to give their cars to dummies who had so little respect for engineering excellence. Instead they legally skirt round the Type Approval laws by supplying the car in a semi-component form. That's to say all the parts are there, they all work, they all fit and you don't need to be an engineer to finish it off.

In exchange for a couple of weekends spent with a spanner in your drinking hand, you'll save a fortune. You'll also find yourself in possession of a stylish and stunning performer which will outdrag anything this side of a Lamborghini Diablo. Old men in stringbacked gloves might stare as you pass and say to themselves, "Aye, they don't make 'em like that anymore". No, indeed: but you can. – *Tony Price*

SCENE

mayfair recommends

Our selection of the best entertainment on offer this month

FILM

WHITE PALACE James Spader's a lucky beggar. First he gets to bed goddess Andie MacDowell in masturbation fantasy flick *sex, lies and videotape*, and now he's at it again with older woman Susan Sarandon in White Palace. Sarandon plays a frustrated waitress who picks Spader up and gets him drunk. He wakes back at her place to find that – without so much as a by your leave – she's stripped off and is sitting on his bits. And he gets *paid* for this.

AI NO CORRIDA (In the Realm of the Senses) Absolute filth, but arty enough to get round the censor. Storyline: in Japan, master meets servant girl. They screw (for hours and hours and hours). She chops his willie off. The end (for him too). This is the uncut version of Japanese master Nagisa Oshima's 1976 art-dressed-as-porn classic, and *nothing* is disguised: go with loose trousers and a strong stomach.

THE DOORS When Jim 'Shag-Machine' Morrison took an early bath back in 1971 all excuses to say 'far out' and 'it's happening, man' went down the plughole with him – until now. For Oliver Stone's groovy biopic trip pic of *the* Los Angeles pop group shows us just what's missing from the charts – a pin-up god with cheekbones like wing mirrors and a crotch with more forward thrust than a Scud missile. Val Kilmer is cool as an ice cube in the starring role, while Billy Idol confirms our suspicions that he really is a dick-head. The music is brilliant but the film still doesn't explain why students everywhere continue to spend their grants on tacky posters of one of the biggest prats ever to squeeze into a pair of leather strides.

THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS A psychopathic serial-killer known as Buffalo Bill is on the loose and doing what he does best (skinning large women, literally) and only Dr Hannibal Lecter (Anthony Hopkins) can catch him. Problem is, Lecter is a few sandwiches short of a picnic himself, having been jailed for cannibalism early in his career and does much to scare the shit out of Jodie Foster, the FBI student assigned to the murder case. This gruesome thriller has a similar effect on the audience so take a spare pair of undies.

ZANDALEE The plot to this romantic tragedy revolves around what happens to a marriage when one party wants to explore while the other wants to withdraw. Zandalee, played by newcomer Erika Anderson, is the adventurous one who goes in search of sex and comes up with Nicolas Cage. The film attempts to "explore the fine line between eroticism and pornography", or so says the pic's writer, Mari Kornhauser. In other words there's plenty of naughty business and ample opportunity to develop a taste for Ms Anderson's not inconsiderable breasts.

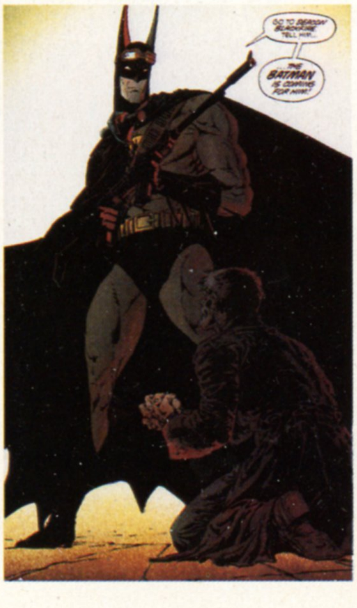
VIDEO

MYSTERY TRAIN Set in Memphis, Tennessee, the film follows a series of crazy characters whose only connection is a sleazy hotel run by night-porter nutter Screamin' Jay Hawkins, and the sound of a gunshot. Memphis's only son Elvis Presley is everywhere, appearing in pictures, on the radio, as a ghost and even in the frantic form of lookalike Joe Strummer of the Clash. A wild and wacky walk on the weird side.

DESIRE AND HELL AT SUNSET HOTEL Sherilyn Fenn's talents were first seen in the truly awful *Two Moon Junction*, after which she joined the weird and wonderful cast of *Twin Peaks* as sex bomb Audrey. She now applies the same method acting to this dull flick, playing the sex goddess whose desires cause all hell to break loose among three characters you won't care about; her husband, a blackmailer and a psychopath. Don't expect art, or even a good film; but you're guaranteed 96 minutes of sultry Ms Fenn showing off some twin peaks of her own.

BOOKS

BATMAN: THE CULT Holy graphic novels! Ever since the Caped Crusader became the morbidly manic Dark Knight in the late 80s there hasn't been so much as a 'Biff', 'Pow' or 'Splat' in sight. Instead, in this cracking collection, our re-born superhero goes about saving Gotham City (again) by dishing out a whole new brand of 'Kathumps' and 'Kathows'. But even these are no match for the dastardly Deacon who captures Batman, forcing him to fight the psychological battle of his life to save the city from chaos. No one has ever taken him this far...

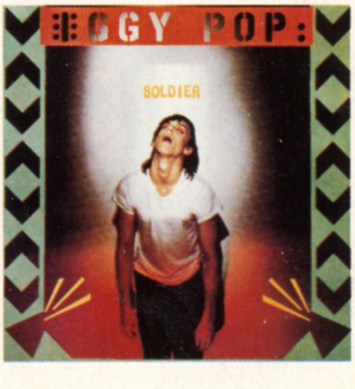

...THE BATMAN IS COMING FOR HIM!

CD

FERGAL SHARKEY, who started out eons ago with new wave band the Undertones warbling out classic toons like Teenage Kicks, has evolved into the archetypal lounge lizard. His latest solo album 'Songs From The Mardi Gras' is mellow, moody and marvellous; and the smooth forthcoming single I've Got News For You promises to be as big a hit as A Good Heart.

SIMPLE MINDS Opinion is divided in the pop camp between those who think the Minds are rock giants on a level with U2, and those who think they're pompous, overblown bores. Make up your own minds when 'Real Life' hits the shelves; the single 'Let There Be Love' will already have driven you mad if you're one of the latter!

Finally, some classic reissues. IGGY POP's 'Soldier' and LOU REED's 'Legendary Hearts' are both welcome additions to your collection if you're short on idiosyncratic rock delivered by mad geniuses.



Flash!

Now we can all see why stunning Yasmin Le Bon is one of the world's most desirable women!

GORGEOUS mega-model Yasmin Le Bon was one of the world's top fashion models even before she married her pop star husband Simon back in 1985. And the reasons why are clearly visible!

Oxford-born Yasmin commands huge fees for modelling assignments, and is rumoured to earn considerably more than Simon. But the world's most desirable model doesn't even think she's that pretty! "I never really thought of myself as a beautiful," Yasmin once declared. "I spend all my time gawping at other models and thinking how incredibly beautiful *they* are!"

Simon met his half-Iranian, half-British wife after spotting her in a fashion photographer's portfolio. He was stunned by her good looks, but rather than risk a knockback he had his manager phone Yasmin's agent to ask for a date! Happily, Yasmin accepted, and Simon stuck with first-date tradition by inviting her to the pictures. Yasmin continues to appear on the covers of just about every glossy women's magazine you could mention – though we think nothing could show her beauty quite as well as our exclusive catwalk snap!

THERE'S NO SUCH

by Shaun Hutson

He's Britain's most successful horror writer – but is he a total weirdo? Judge for yourself as we print (probably unwisely) the outpourings of Shaun Hutson's finely unbalanced mind...

There's a very old joke which goes like this: what's the last thing that goes through a fly's head when it hits a windscreen at 100mph? Its arsehole, of course...

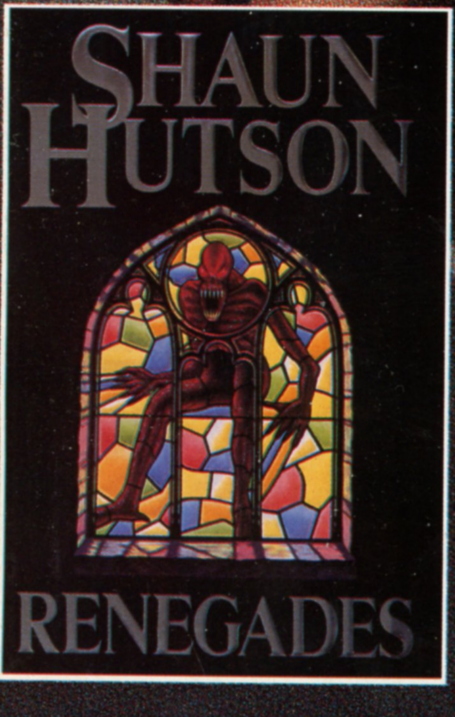
People often ask me what goes through *my* head. What kind of thoughts are contained within the cess-pit like recesses of a brain which has, during the past ten years, produced ten best-selling novels which feature necrophilia (in *Shadows*), bestiality (in *Relics*), living dead gangsters having sex (in *Assassin*), a baby in a microwave oven (in *Victims*), and a woman who is turned on by watching road accidents (in *Renegades*)? You see, I like something for all the family. What brings these thoughts? I couldn't tell you: I think I'm just blessed with a warped mind.

As one of the biggest selling horror writers around, I'm often asked "What is horror?" You may as well ask how long is a piece of string. The dictionary defines horror variously as 'extreme fear', 'terror', 'extreme loathing' and 'abhorrence'.

Now each person's idea of what those terms mean can be different. For my part, I find that visiting the dentist causes 'extreme fear'. 'Extreme loathing' I reserve for most other football clubs apart from my own beloved Liverpool FC. 'Terror' to me is flying (and I'm talking fear on a change of underwear scale here) whilst I 'abhor' pretension and poseurs. So I suppose my own ultimate nightmare would be to be trapped on a plane by a dentist dressed in an Armani suit, who hums Nessun Dorma and just happens to be an Arsenal supporter. Horror is in the mind of the beholder.

The real horror about the book and film business is the use of the term itself. To me *Raging Bull* is every bit as horrific as *The Exorcist*. *Goodfellas* as terrifying as *Jaws*. *The Godfather* as frightening as *Frankenstein*. The horror depicted in so-called mainstream pictures, such as the horror of jealousy, mistrust, emotional as well as physical pain, the break-up of a relationship or the depiction of illness, can be infinitely more terrifying than the spectre of some nutter with a meat cleaver turning pubescent American kids with temperatures higher than their IQs into hamburgers.

People say to me, "I never read horror, I never watch horror films".



THING AS NORMAL

No? Read any Frederick Forsyth recently? What's more terrifying than an atomic warhead being smuggled into England (as in *The Fourth Protocol*)? Have you seen the *Hunt for Red October*? I know what scares me the most if it comes to a choice between a heavily amoured nuclear submarine or a zombie with skin like The Singing Detective.

People also ask me, what, as a horror writer, scares me? Simple. You name it, I'm scared of it. I have a terror of flying which borders on the psychotic. Running up and down, crying and screaming "We're all going to die!" is a great favourite of mine but the people in duty free usually get annoyed. "You've got more chance of getting killed in this cab," a cheerful taxi driver once told me on the way to Heathrow. Let me out of this fucking cab, then, I thought.

Smoking or non-smoking, they ask? Stuff it. Just give me a seat in the little black box; it's the only bit they ever find. The reasons for keeping the aforementioned box have always eluded me too. I'm sure that when they open it up all they hear is five blokes screaming "Oh shit!".

The pre-take-off ritual, (you know, the one where the cabin crew do impressions of Marcel Marceau) of reading the crash instructions always strikes me as somewhat ironic too. For a landing on water, there's the drawing of a plane floating serenely on the sea. Wonderful. If it won't fly, who says it'll float?

Dogs scare me and always have. I think it could be hereditary. I reckon my mum was frightened by a dog while she was carrying me. Thank God she wasn't frightened by a cow; I might never have drunk milk. Dogs scare me, but their owners irritate me. Rottweiler owners who are watching their dogs size you up, considering the relative attractions of a tin of Pedigree Chum or a human arm, always insist, "He won't hurt you," and are then genuinely surprised when, three seconds later, Rover chews your face off.

I'm scared of spiders too. They're hairy and the bastards move quicker than Ben Johnson before he's given a urine sample. I realize that German women athletes are also hairy and run fast, but come to think of it, they scare me too.

ASSASSIN
'I ENJOYED EVERY BULLET-SPRAYED PAGE OF IT'
FEAR

RELICS
'THE BAD BOY OF HORROR'
FEAR

I'm terrified of needles as well. Or, more correctly, injections. The thought of having six inches of razor sharp steel driven into my arm or backside isn't exactly appealing, but it's the effects of the vaccine that I worry about. Will I be the one person in ten million who's allergic to the flu jab?

It goes without saying that acupuncture holds no attraction for me. A friend of mine reckons he was cured of smoking by an acupuncturist. He paid 50 quid and the bloke stuck needles in all his fags.

These fears are bordering on phobia. I know all about phobias, having made a bit of a study of them. A phobia is supposed to be an irrational fear, based on the premise of that fear never materialising. Bollocks. Planes crash. That's fact. Dogs attack people. You can't deny that. Spiders are hairy fuckers that run fast. Argue with me.

Having said that, I realised that my fear of spiders had become somewhat irrational when I spent two hours one night trying to shoot one down with an air rifle as it nestled in in a corner of the living room ceiling. Having blasted two of its legs off I finally finished it off with the butt.

All the rest of my fears are good, solid, dangerous ones though. I can honestly say I'm not scared of being beaten to death with a colostomy bag by an overweight, incontinent Belgian who looks like Adolf Hitler and sings like Michael Jackson. I think.

Having all these fears is very useful for a horror writer, but fear on its own isn't enough: you need depravity too. Some people have called me sick, insane, warped and perverted for writing the sort of stuff I write. However, I never claimed to be Barbara Cartland. (Well, just once or twice, maybe).

Things which stick in my mind slip through the minds of others, and vice versa. I could never have thought up a scene like the one in *Lace* where a guy first pushes a goldfish into a woman's vagina and then eats it. Now who's got a warped mind? Mind you, if I'd written it, he probably would have used a bream.

These big, glitzy, Hollywood/incest/long-lost-lesbian-sister/insert-pieces-of-wildlife-into-your-anatomy novels are hugely popular, but never accused of bad taste, unlike myself. The penchant for allowing gerbils into one's *(OK Shaun, that's far enough – Ed.)*

> I never claimed to be Barbara Cartland. (Well, just once or twice, maybe.)

Speaking of animals, my own first best-selling novel, *Slugs*, was turned into a film (and I use the word loosely) in 1988, and any of you unfortunate enough to have seen it will realise that the shoutline ("Possibly the most shocking film you will ever see!") was appallingly apt. The film was made for less than a million dollars, and the extent of my involvement was to pick up a package from the doormat one morning which contained a copy of the script, a cheque and a letter which read more or less like this: "We've bought the rights. Here's the script. Here's the money. Piss off. PS, What does a slug look like?"

It was made by a Spanish company using Italian actors, shot in America and dubbed into English. It won't ever win anything at Cannes, but it might pick up a United Nations award. But, as with other authors who've had their work decimated by film-makers, I didn't see the point in bleating about it. Despite the fact that they had done for the novel what Attila the Hun did for Christianity, I didn't care. When a film company buys the rights, you take the money and run. Well, you do if you're a mercenary bastard like I am.

The people I felt most sorry for were the readers. They'd enjoyed the novel and expected a reasonable adaptation, and, instead, got a piece of celluloid that made *Nine and a Half Weeks* look like *Citizen Kane*. After all, it is the public that an author's ultimate responsibility rests with. They buy the books, I pay the mortgage.

The reaction of readers varies greatly. I get a large amount of fan mail and some of it is a little bit unusual. Well, bloody strange might be a better term. I get a fair bit from the inmates of prisons and I've had some from psychiatric homes (the inference being possibly that you've got to be criminal or deranged to read my stuff. Or you certainly will be when you've finished).

How readers perceive horror writers, and myself in particular, extends also to people who have never met me or are meeting me for the first time. My wife has been asked on numerous occasions if I'm insane and how she dares to live with me. The inference here being that I'm likely to get up in the middle of the night and try to nail her to the headboard – something which, to my knowledge, has only ever happened twice, but then the blackouts have been getting worse lately...

When people come to the house they often seem quite surprised that I don't open the door wearing blood spattered overalls, chewing on the remains of a puppy, swinging a chainsaw around humming the theme from *The Tool Box Murders*. News that I'm a member of a gun club usually compounds most people's fears. The knowledge that I spend most Tuesday evenings blasting away at a target with a .357 Magnum seems to be a better bowel loosener than a vat of liquid paraffin.

Well, we all judge on appearances and writers are judged on what they write about. But do people really think Tom Clancy spends his time in Soviet submarines? That John le Carre is really a spy? That Barbara Cartland is really a 400-year-old deformed drag Queen who lives by sucking concentrated vitamin E straight from the liver of polar bears?

What I write about isn't normal in the accepted sense, so people assume that I'm not normal. I'll tell you now, there's no such thing as normal.

I mentioned flying earlier on, and the fear which afflicts me at the thought of that particular form of travel. When I joined my new publishers it was decided that they would bring me to London for a meeting from my Buckinghamshire home. By helicopter.

Despite my pleas and several conversations which ended with me sobbing in the phone, "I don't want to die!" the helicopter was duly sent. I asked, where was he going to land? Strangely enough, I don't possess a landing strip. What was he going to do, circle round the house and chuck out a rope ladder?

I was assured it would all be taken care of, and it was. The pilot, Dick, (ironic that, don't you think; a guy called Dick flying a chopper?) informed me he'd pick me up from Milton Keynes Helipad. Said Helipad happened to be a patch of ground with a sodding great white 'H' painted on it, behind Sainsbury's and right next to a taxi rank. So, come the day, there's yours truly standing by the taxis with a steadily growing queue of shoppers building up behind.

"You waiting for a taxi?" one asked.

"No, I'm waiting for a helicopter," I told her.

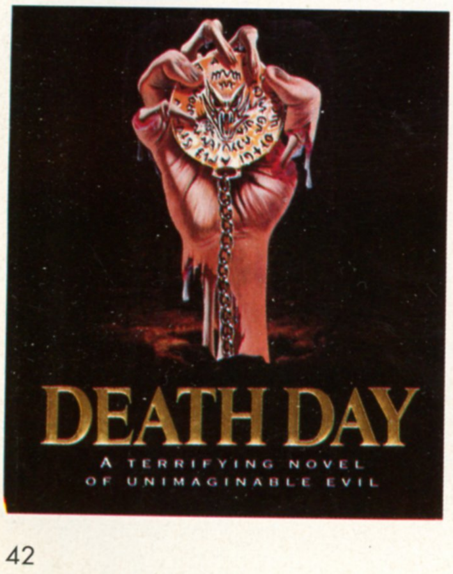
Fortunately, just before she could beat me to death with an aubergine, this refugee from *Apocalypse Now* dropped out of the clouds and whisked me away. I can remember thinking, "If he's got Death From Above painted on this thing, or even mentions *Ride Of The Valkyries*, I'm off."

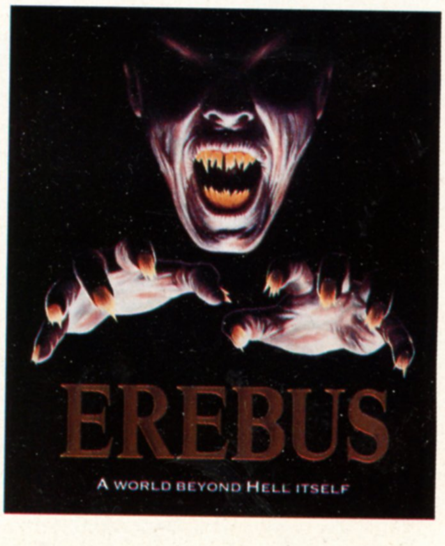
My whole business is about fear. Living with it, creating it and selling it. To paraphrase a song title, "Terror sells... but who's buying?" Well everyone from 12-year-old kids to pensioners, it seems. I couldn't tell you why. I couldn't tell you why we like to be scared or why we like to read about death and violence. Probably for the same reason that we slow our cars down at road accidents or rush to buy the papers the morning after something like the Kings Cross fire.

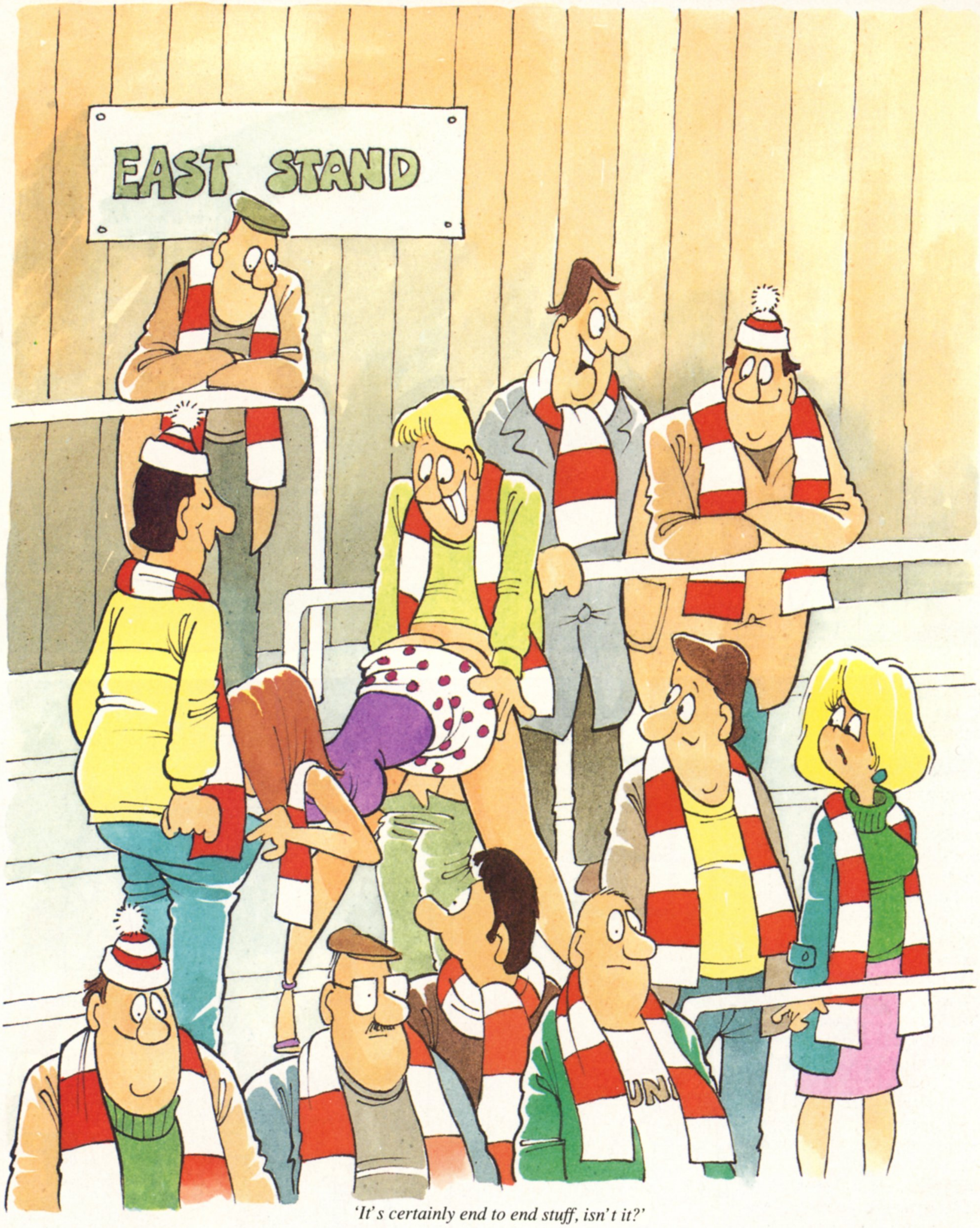
I'll tell you something about that disaster: I don't reckon it was started by a cigarette. It was started by some poor bastard trying to get a bar of chocolate out of one of those bloody machines. Who designs them for Christ's sake? The same people who invented Rubik's cubes?

You want to know what I think is strange? No matter how much violence you inflict on those chocolate machines they won't hand over a bar of Whole Nut. You only have to wave your fist at someone in a darkened street and they give you their wallet, but you could use a grenade launcher on one of those things and still go hungry.

Now that's abnormal... Ⓜ


DEATH DAY
A TERRIFYING NOVEL OF UNIMAGINABLE EVIL

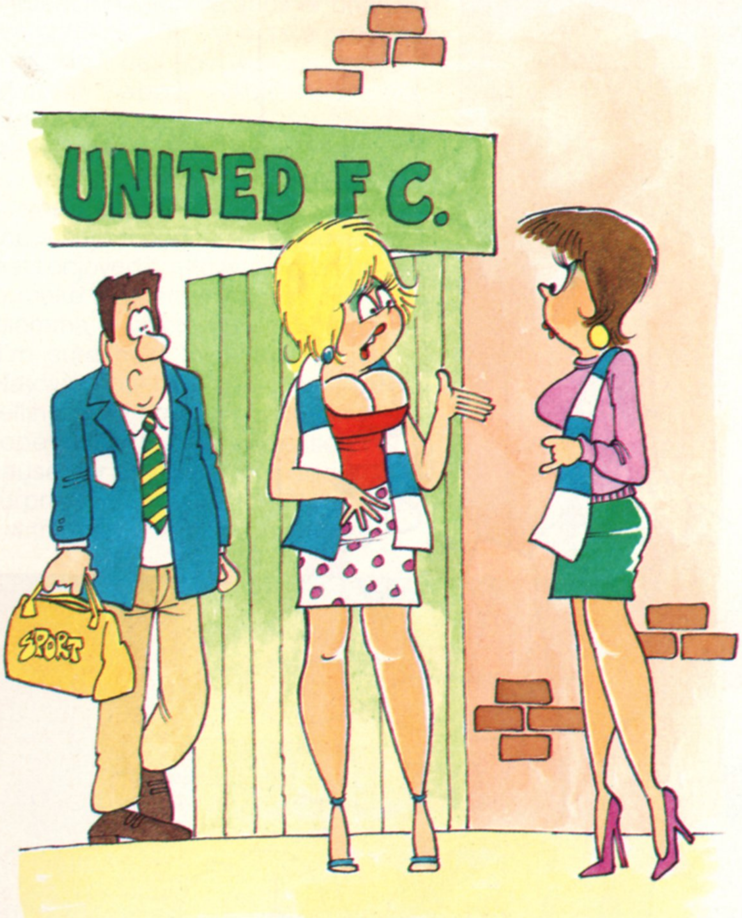

EREBUS
A WORLD BEYOND HELL ITSELF



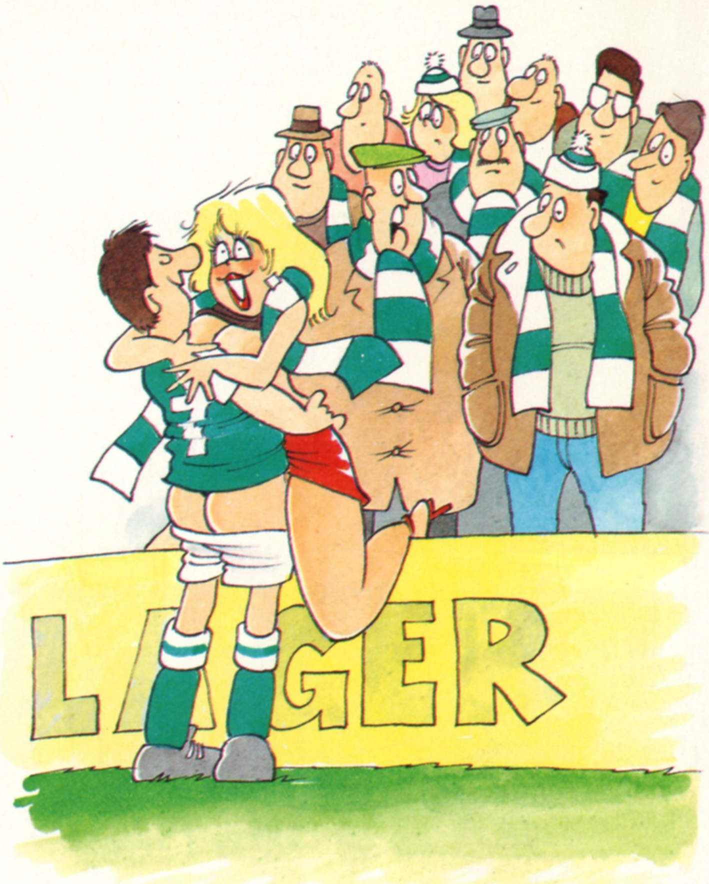
'It's certainly end to end stuff, isn't it?'

Soccer supporters like to kick off their big match by scoring with female fans on the terraces. Cartoonist Anthony gives us edited highlights of the off-pitch action

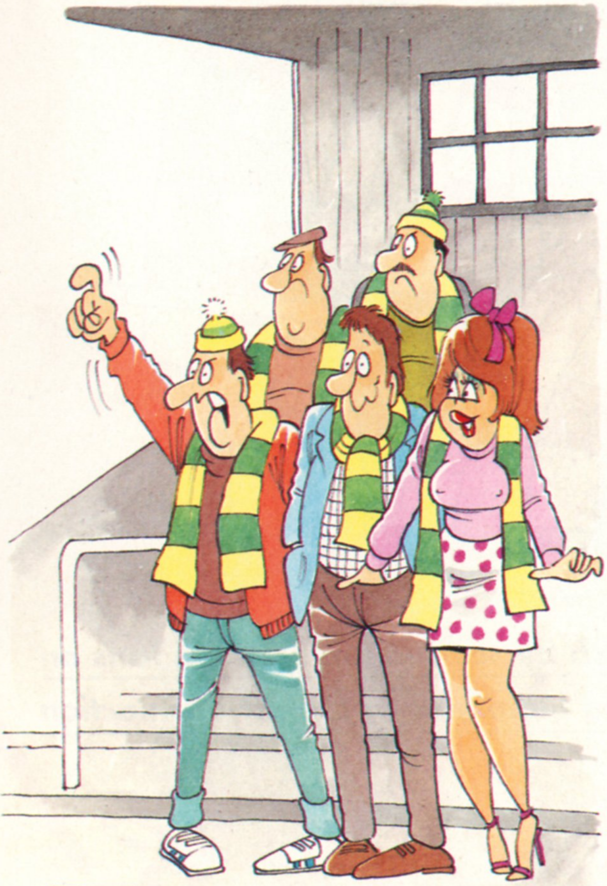
Crowd Pullers!


UNITED F.C.
SPORT

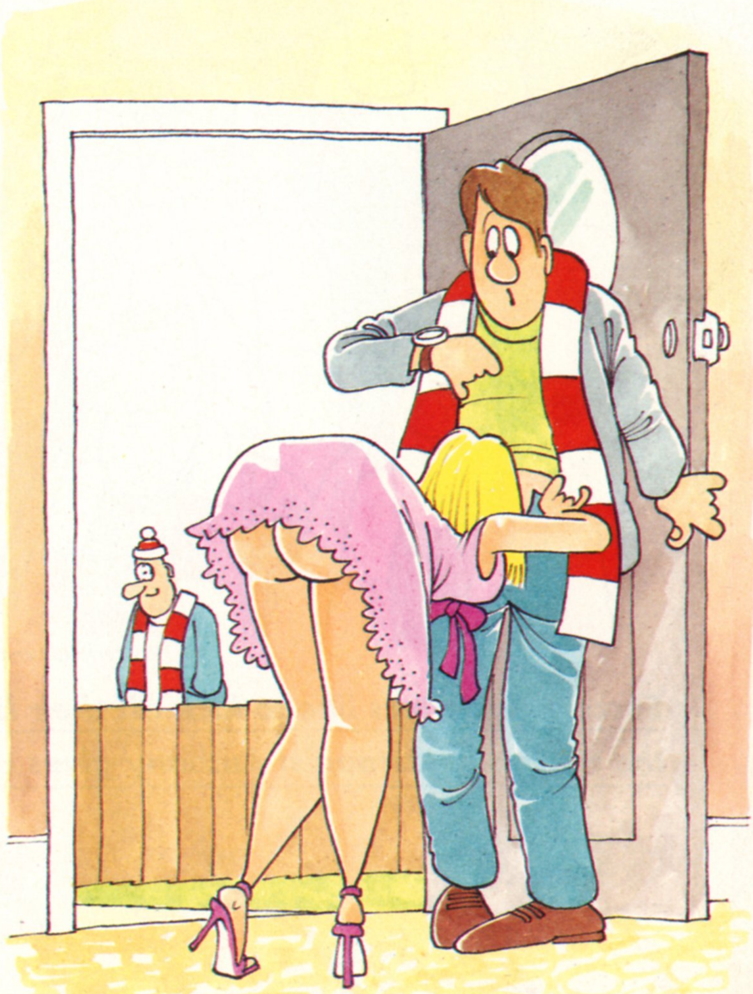
'Oh, I wouldn't go for Vince. You know those forwards — they always dribble before they shoot.'



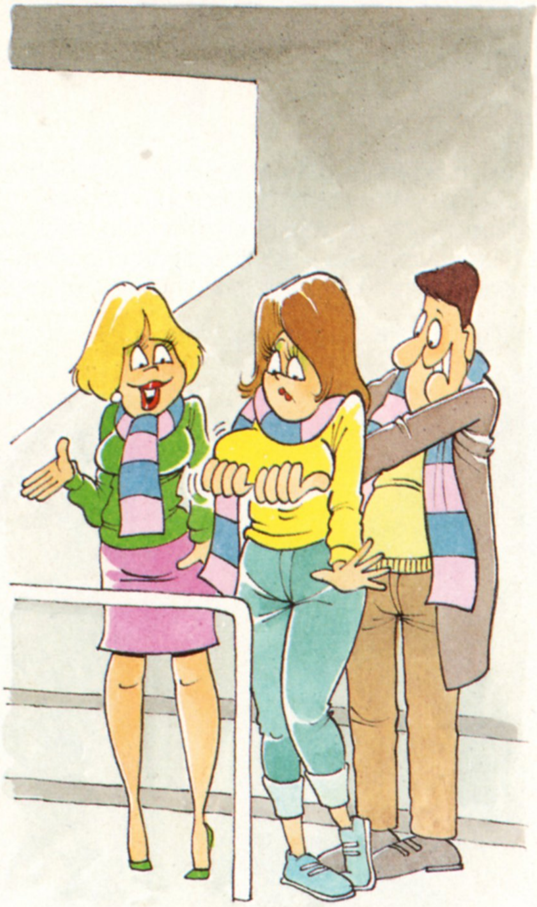
'He's top scorer this season.'



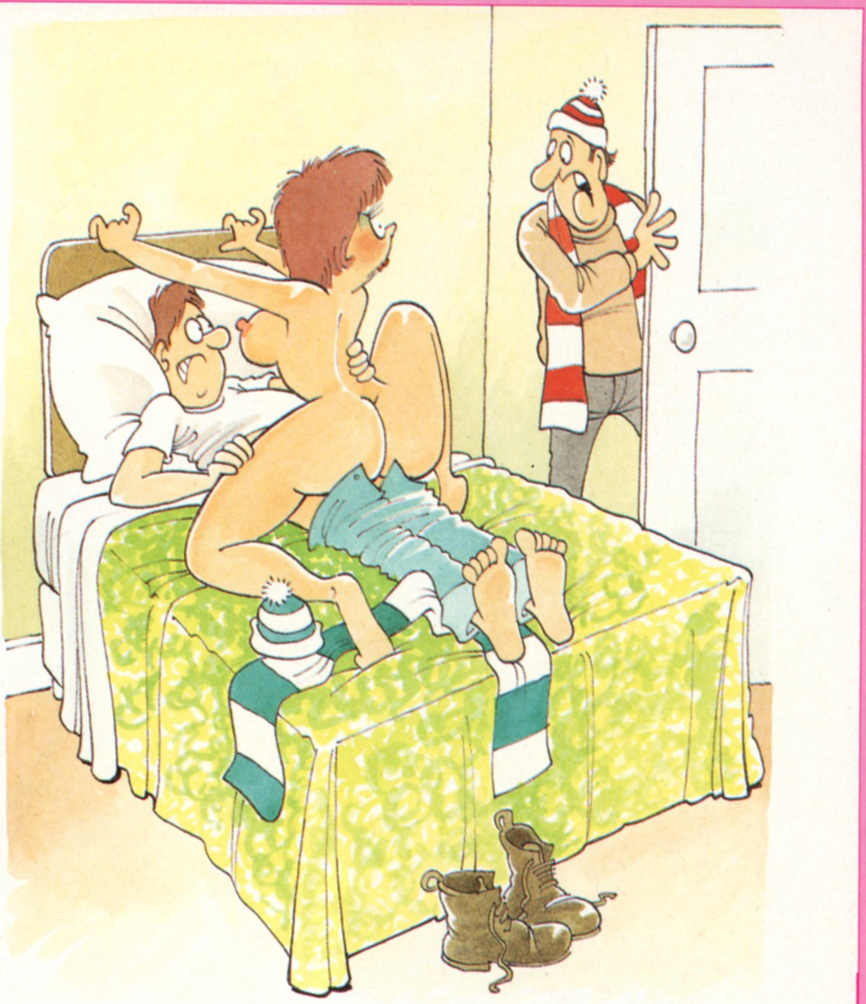
'Handball!'



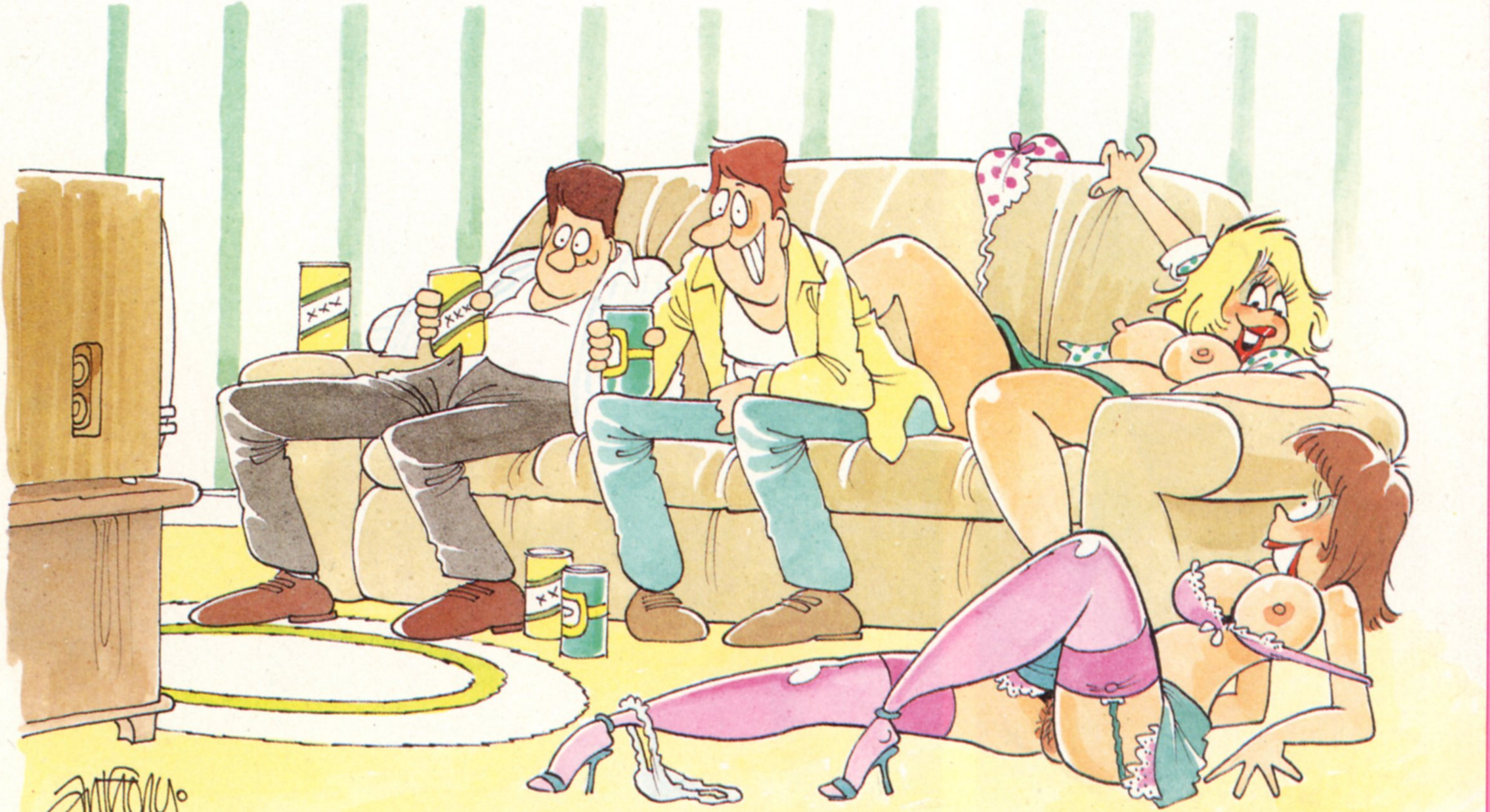
'Oh, come on Emma ... The match starts in fifteen minutes!'



'Say what you like about Jerry – he's a great supporter!'



'How could you, Sandra? I mean, a bleedin' United *supporter!'*



'Wow! Let's hope Rovers score again.'

Are women always totally honest about the things that turn them on? And what is their partner's reaction when they are? This month Quest talks to two women about the ways they express their deepest sexual needs, and to one man who reaped the erotic benefits

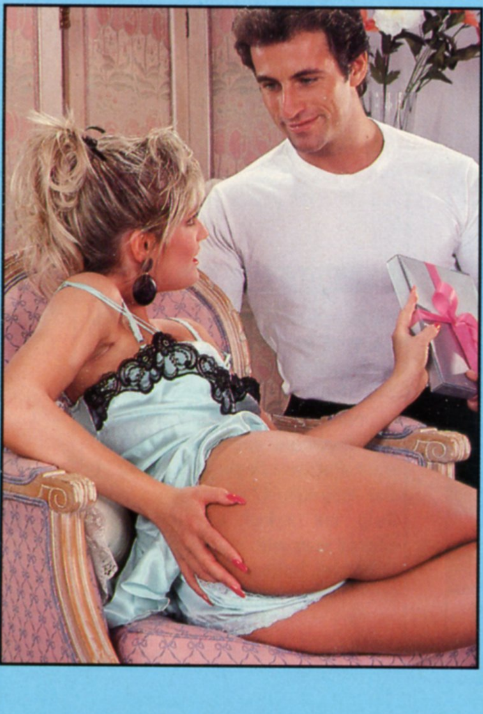
Quest

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Withheld
Sex.... Female
Age.... 27
Town of origin.... Swansea
Other details.... This dark-haired interviewee works as a teaching assistant in a junior school. She has lived with her boyfriend for three years

Quest: Would you say you are very explicit with partners about your sexual needs?

Assistant: I only have one partner at the moment. I wouldn't say I'm very explicit with him. It still embarrasses me to say certain things right out.



Quest: What certain things are we talking about?

Assistant: I knew you were going to ask that! Mainly about my own satisfaction. I used to find it a very difficult situation when my boyfriend and I had just made love very passionately, he'd obviously had a shattering climax – and I hadn't. It wasn't that I hadn't been excited; I had, sometimes almost unbearably so. A lot of times that was more than enough. But there were also times when I thought, 'Why can't I share the feeling, too?'

Quest: You don't have those frustrations now?

Assistant: No, I don't think so. It's something Julian and I have worked towards, which I suppose happens with all couples as they get to know each other.

Quest: In what ways does he give you satisfaction when you feel you need it?

Assistant: I have friends whose boyfriends just 'do' them – with their hands, or their mouths. I appreciate they find it lovely, but it seems a bit remote to me. I want Julian and me to be feeling pleasure together. That's why I prefer him to touch me when I'm sitting on him.

Quest: He stimulates your clitoris in that position?

Assistant: Or my breasts, or both. Actually, lately, I found I quite like my bottom being touched – almost tickled. If Julian does that when he's inside me it feels gorgeous.

Quest: Do you tell him to do that directly?

Assistant: I usually say I could do with a little help. It happens most when we get our second wind, when Julian's ejaculated once, and he's still excited, but not enough to come again yet. Then we can both take our time. But Julian has

Quest

quite a stressful job – he's a policeman – and sometimes he just needs to let go.

Quest: You mean sexually?

Assistant: The tension comes out that way, yes. One of the best times Julian and I have ever had was when he came back from a long, difficult shift. I hadn't seen him for days. He turned up at midnight absolutely shattered, just wanting to sleep. I was already in bed. Julian came in from the shower, threw off his towel and just flopped down beside me. I snuggled up to him: I wanted to feel his warm skin against mine again, I didn't expect to make love at all. He turned to face me, and suddenly I realised I could feel his penis growing against my tummy. Not just a little bit, either. It felt really hot and stiff and ready for action. I couldn't understand how he could be like that when he was so shattered everywhere else! Then he reached up and began to stroke my breast, but it was obvious his hand was as tired as the rest of him. Then he started to drag himself on top of me.

Quest: Were you aroused yourself?

Assistant: Oh yes. Turning Julian on always excites me. My heart was bumping. I could feel my nipples standing up under his hand. “I just want to lie between your thighs,” he said, which I thought was lovely. So I lay back and opened my legs for him. He slid on top of me, and his penis bumped between my legs. Neither of us guided it, or really moved at all – it just seemed to find my opening naturally, sort of slithered about my lips, then the tip popped inside. After that he just slid into me very smoothly, all the way. I didn't have any problem. “Oh God, you feel so good,” he said. Then he chuckled into my ear, and said, “Sorry, love, I don't think I've got the energy to do any more!” I just hugged him and said, “You don't have to do anything. I just love feeling you like this.” But, of course, he didn't stay like that.

Quest: What did he do?

Assistant: I could feel his penis giving little twitches and jerks every now and then, and he was still rock hard. Finally he gave a loud sigh, and pushed himself up on his elbows. The poor man looked half asleep! He gave me a kind of half grin, jerked his hips, and nearly fell on me again. So I said, very firmly, “That's enough. Keep still.” I put my hands down, braced myself and started to squirm my bottom against the mattress. I went round and round at first, then up and down, so his penis was sliding in and out of me – only a little bit at first. Then I'd press myself tight against him, and sort of grind my pubes against his.

Quest: He enjoyed that?

Assistant: Oh yes! So did I! It was hard work, because I was pushing against at least half his weight, and he's a big fellow. But stirring his penis inside me felt glorious, and I had an awful lot of pressure on my spot. But I wasn't concentrating on that. I just wanted it to be nice for him. His head dropped forward; I could feel his heart thumping away. Then suddenly he stiffened, and gasped, “I can't hold back.” That just spurred me on! I put all my effort into jerking myself up and down on his penis. “Don't hold back,” I gasped. “Just do it in me – do it!” Then, all of a sudden, it was like a switch being thrown. His head rose, he lifted himself up, then jerked himself into me, just as I pushed down. Suddenly he'd taken over completely. He was going like a piston at full speed! Ramming into me as if we'd never made love before in our lives – pushing me up the pillow!

“My heart was bumping and I could feel my nipples standing up under his hand”

Quest: With what effect on you?

Assistant: It literally snatched my breath away. My pussy hadn't had such a hammering in ages. Then I realised just how excited I'd become without knowing it. There were little sparks in my pussy. My womb sort of squeezed tight. I was incredibly close to a climax. And, as I realised that, Julian let out this great groan, pushed himself really deep into me, and I felt his penis jumping and spurting. That just pushed me over the edge. As he finished, I started. I clung to him, holding him inside me until my last little spasm had gone. Then we collapsed in each other's arms. Afterwards Julian was wide awake, and I was completely knackered! But it was so good, I'm utterly convinced, because we were both so unselfish; each trying to please the other person.

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Withheld
Sex.... Male
Age.... 28
Town of origin.... Edinburgh
Other details.... This interviewee works for a small printing firm. He has just bought a house with two friends.

Quest: Have you always asked girlfriends to tell you what turned them on in bed?

Printworker: I used to be very liberal about that – mainly because I wasn't that experienced and I was curious. It was also an ego thing: I wanted to be the great lover who always got women off, the bloke girls have secret giggles about in pubs, and say, ‘Wow!’ I still believe it's very important to find out what a girl likes, but it has to be a mutual thing.

Quest: You're obviously speaking from experience.

Printworker: Well, yes. There was a girl called Bridget I was involved with when I was 22. She was 20, a very attractive, very lively girl – brown hair, blue eyes, a lovely body, and unbelievably sexy. The first couple of times she came out with me I deliberately didn't make any advances. I told myself it was so we could get to know each other. Actually I was terrified she'd tell me to get lost. The third time we went back to her place for coffee. I was at the door before I kissed her. She was quite enthusiastic about that, so I moved my hand up onto her boob. Then she asked me if I wanted to stay. We went into the bedroom, both undressed in the dark and climbed into bed. We kissed and cuddled – I had a hard-on like a rolling pin. Then I slipped between her legs, fumbled with her pussy a bit – she actually guided my cock in – and we fucked.

Quest: Enjoyably?

Printworker: I was in seventh heaven. She had the nicest body of any girl I'd known up to then: I was so excited with a body like that I could only last about four strokes. But she was panting and gasping, clinging onto me, going, ‘Yes – oh, yes’ as I came in her. I thought she was quite happy about it. Then we both dozed off. The next thing I was aware of was the most incredibly randy dream, mainly about what I'd just been doing with Bridget. Then I woke up. It was daylight, I was lying on my side, and Bridget was under the covers, her head level with my lap. Her mouth was sliding up and down on my prick, which was extremely stiff – giving my shaft long, slow strokes, very gentle but incredibly sensuous. Then she yanked back the covers, grinned up at me and asked if she was doing it how I liked.

Quest: What did you say?

Printworker: Yes! Any way was fine by me. No one had ever done it to me before!

Quest: What happened next?

Printworker: She told me to lie on my back, then she knelt up between my legs, sort of cupped my hard-on in one hand, dipped her head and started giving my knob little licks round the edge with the tip of her tongue, especially the glans. Every time I groaned and my hips bucked she'd look up and grin at me. The pressure in my cock was reaching boiling point. Then she said, 'Would you like to finish in my mouth?' I didn't have enough breath left to answer! She grinned again, and suddenly sunk her lips right down to the base of my shaft, and began sort of swirling me round in her mouth – that's the only way I can describe it. Then she began to flick her tongue round my glans, then sucked me deep into the back of her mouth again. All at a frantic rate – I didn't know what had hit me. I just swore and went off like a fountain. She moaned and swallowed and literally licked the last drop off my limp prick. It was great. Of course, she wanted paying back, which I was happy to do.

Quest: Doing what exactly?

Printworker: She curled up against me while I got my strength back. Then she slipped her leg over mine. At first I thought she was just making herself comfortable, but the way she was lying her pussy was pressing against the top of my thigh. Every time she wriggled I felt her pubic hair rasp against my flesh. Eventually I asked what she was doing. She just chuckled and said it felt nice. Then she began sort of massaging herself against my leg, rhythmically. I didn't really know what was going on. She grinned and said, "Why don't you help me?" She took hold of my hand, pulled it down and put it between her legs. She felt like a swamp down there. Then she took my finger, drew it between the lips of her vagina and stopped at a point which only felt a little less soft and wet than the rest. "Finger marks the spot," she said. Then, when I just stared blankly, she asked, "Aren't you going to stroke me?" So that's what I did.

Quest: You didn't realise it was her clitoris?

Printworker: I did and I didn't. I hadn't actually looked closely at my first girlfriend's pussy; she'd been quite shy, and I hadn't pushed it. She'd certainly never asked me to masturbate her! To be honest, I was shocked that Bridget did. I was still quite prudish at that age.

Quest: But you did masturbate her?

Printworker: Oh yes. I certainly didn't want to disappoint her. She lay there, with her eyes closed and this smile on her face, so she seemed to be enjoying it. It was just that my hand was starting to get tired! In fact, she opened her eyes, and asked if I wanted a rest. Before I could answer, she squirmed about on the mattress and said, "That's better. I sometimes take a while to get going. I'll be OK now."

Quest: Was she?

Printworker: Not for another half minute or so. Then she suddenly took a sharp breath, sighed and her smile disappeared. "Oh yes," she whispered, "don't stop that!" Her body began to get more tense and fidgety; she began to breathe much more deeply. Then she started reaching down quickly and moving my finger. "There," she said. "Keep touching there – oh that's beautiful! That's gorgeous – don't stop doing that!" By this time she was giving little gasps and sighs, and jerking her thighs up – it was quite hard to keep a rhythm to my stroking. Then she gave a moan, and said, "You can touch my boobs if you like – don't stop rubbing!" So I sat further up, and put my free hand over one boob. Then she moaned again, and hissed, "For God's sake, suck my nipples – suck my nipples!" Then her eyes snapped open, and she gave me this quick embarrassed grin. "I'm sorry," she gasped. "Telling you what to do – I'm just so close." I bent over and closed my lips over one stiff nipple. Then she wailed, jerked upwards and almost threw me off. "Oh yes!" she gasped. "Oh yes! Oh yes!" And her legs slammed shut on my hand. I went to rub her again, and she gave a jerk which nearly bounced us both off the bed. Her whole body was trembling from head to foot, completely rigid. Then she let out this long, slow sigh, and just collapsed.

Quest: What state were you in?

Printworker: My prick was painfully hard, though I wasn't ready to come again. I'd never actually seen a woman climax before. It was awe-inspiring. I felt a bit used, but that was just my immaturity: as time went by I saw it was good she could say what she wanted and I could give it to her. So the sex was good and it got better and better, but unfortunately other things came in and we had to split up in the end. It was a shame, but we weren't really meant for each other.

Quest: How did you break up?

Printworker: It was amicable, I suppose you'd say. I went round for dinner, expecting a slightly tearful goodbye. I had my own key by then. I let myself in, called her name – no answer – and went into the lounge. The only light was from candles on the table, and the glow of this log effect fire she had. Bridget was sitting on the sofa facing the door. She was completely nude, lying back on the cushions with her hands on her thighs, legs wide apart. She didn't move, but her eyes just drank me in. She looked like every boy's favourite wet dream! My jaw just hit the carpet. "Lick me," she said, "and I'll screw you through the floorboards."

Quest: And did you?

Printworker: What do you think? I didn't even bother to get my clothes off: I knelt down and licked her the way I knew she liked it, which sent her into orbit. She was writhing and pulling my hair, shoving my mouth further into her. Knowing it was going to be our last time made it even more intense, somehow. She was saying "Christ, you're good – do me – you're the best," things like that, and I felt like the demon lover I'd always wanted to be. Her moans got louder and she actually started to scream as she came: I ripped down my jeans

She suddenly took a sharp breath. "Oh yes," she whispered, "don't stop that!"

and pants and penetrated her just as her orgasm hit. She went mad, and I was so turned on I came straight away. It was incredible.

Quest: So that was the last time you had sex?

Printworker: Not quite - we had it three or four times again that night! But yes, that was our last night together, and it was incredible. It taught me that if you ask a girl what she wants, she'll usually tell you, and that's the way to have great sex. It's just a pity that the only place we were really open with each other was in bed.

Quest: Thank you.

Quest

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Withheld
Sex.... Female
Age.... 36
Town of origin.... Banbury
Other details.... This attractive brunette interviewee, a freelance management consultant, married at 21 and divorced five years later. She owns her own flat.

Quest: Do you ever tell sexual partners how you'd like them to make love to you?

Consultant: All the time. That might be because I tend to have younger lovers than I used to. But I actually think most men like to be told.

Quest: Why do you say that?

Consultant: When you think about it, why should someone you've just met know what really turns you on? A man's only likely to do what he likes, or what drove his last girlfriend wild. That doesn't matter so much when you're young and you don't know what you like anyway. But at my age I do. Not that I don't like to be surprised!

Quest: When did that last happen?

Consultant: With William, my current boyfriend, on one of our sexy Sunday afternoons. He's 29 and very good-looking. We have these sexy Sunday afternoons – my warm living room, some cushions on the floor, a bottle of wine – you know. On this occasion, we were both naked. I was spreadeagled on the cushions, and William was curled up against me. With one hand he was playing with my boobs, rolling my nipples between his teeth, then sucking on them gently. His other hand was between my legs, stroking my lips, just brushing my clitty and gently fingering around my anus – which is another ultra-sensitive spot for me.

Quest: Had you had a climax?

Consultant: Yes, I had. William has this way of doing me from both ends – tweaking a nipple with one hand, and rubbing my clitty simultaneously with the other – literally with just a fingertip. He'd just given me a great orgasm like that, so now it should have been William's turn. But I was greedy. I wanted him to do me just one more time, with his tongue.

Quest: That's different from being masturbated?

Consultant: I think so. A tongue is softer and more subtle than a finger. And licking someone's private parts still seems to me about the rudest thing you can do with them! Anyway, William didn't want to suck me; he wanted to screw. I thought he was being unfair – after all, when I suck him I do swallow every drop and lick him dry afterwards! I told him it wouldn't hurt him to wait another five minutes. All I wanted was a little kiss 'down there', then he could have me any way he wanted.

"I moaned, arched my back and stuck my bottom up in the air for him"

Quest: What was William's reaction?

Consultant: He started to climb aboard! I wasn't having that, and we started sort of play-fighting, laughing while we rolled around. I ended up on all fours. And that's when he licked me.

Quest: Where exactly?

Consultant: Just a flick of his tongue against the skin between my bottom and my pussy, then a longer one, down the length of my crack. I nearly shot across the room. It was heavenly! But he didn't stop there. He suddenly began slurping all over my bottom, pressing his nose and tongue right into my crack, as if he'd never smelled a woman before. My whole pussy was throbbing. I just moaned, put my head in the cushion, arched my back and stuck my bottom up in the air for him. But even with my bottom raised he obviously couldn't get far enough up my pussy. I thought he was just putting his head on one side to get at me more easily, but, when I glanced round, he was on his back. He was trying to push his head between my thighs.

Quest: So you asked him to do it?

Consultant: I shuffled my knees apart, and wriggled over him until his face was right under my crotch. Then, of course, he lifted it and his tongue came straight up onto my clitty. I can't describe the incredible pleasure. It was almost too much. He licked and sucked, squeezed his tongue between my lips, and ran it round and round my clitty. I was literally sobbing within a minute.

Quest: And you climaxed?

Consultant: When I started I thought I'd never stop! I ground my pussy down into his face just before I had my spasms. Then they just let rip, and my whole body jerked and shook. I did actually black out for a couple of seconds.

Quest: And what about William?

Consultant: When I finally got my breath back, I wriggled back onto his chest and looked down at him. He was scarlet, looking absolutely exhausted. Then I glanced back at his erection and it was still as big and stiff as ever. I kissed him, and told him to stay exactly where he was. Then, I wriggled back down his beautiful body, until my bottom butted against his thing. I got up onto my knees, took hold of his erection, brought it against my incredibly swollen pussy lips, and just sank slowly down onto him, breathing out and watching his face as his gorgeous cock prodded up into me.

Quest: Did he climax immediately?

Consultant: I expected him to go off like a fire cracker. But he'd been so hard for so long I think he'd got used to it! He just gazed up at me through half-closed eyes, and panted. So I started to move up and down on him – slowly at first, then faster and faster, until I was really bouncing up and down, my boobs wobbling all over the place. Then, of course, all this humping started to have an effect on me, and I began to feel another climax on its way! I wanted us to come together, so I gasped out some things to encourage him.

Quest: What did you say?

Consultant: I get quite free with my language when I'm excited. I know it's dirty but I can't help myself sometimes. I said, 'Oh do it in me, darling – spunk in me – spunk in me – fill me up!' And he did!

Quest: So now do you let him know when you'd like the same again?

Consultant: Oh every time!

Quest: Thank you.

PRIVATE INVESTI

by HOWARD LAKE

The lights were taking their own sweet time to change again. Cale swore under his breath. It was one of those nights. Everything and everyone seemed to be against him. Even his Mercedes rattled and creaked at every junction.

He lit a Winston, breathed in the warm, acrid poisons and for a moment, it all seemed better. The lights changed. Hallelujah. Cale swung the big black Merc out into the traffic chaos of Piccadilly.

At last, he came to a halt outside a tall anonymous building shrouded in darkness except for a solitary light burning in a fourth-floor window. Cale studied that light. It was the reason that he was there.

The man had been grey-haired, respectably dressed, with an air of fatigue about him. He had walked into Cale's NW6 office three weeks before.

"It's my wife," he had said. The same old story. Henry Mansfield was a wealthy merchant banker of the old school, worth a fortune and married to a devastatingly sexy woman 30 years his junior.

Severina Mansfield had been a hostess at a nightclub in Mayfair, which was where Henry had met her. Her appearance was faintly oriental, as befitted the offspring of a Chinese mother and an English father. Her hair was long black silk, and her eyes a pair of vivid emeralds set in a face of incomparable beauty.

Severina Mansfield didn't have the slenderness one associated with women of Chinese extraction. She had more of a European figure, lush rather than willowy, a wonderful array of curves to please the observing eye, beautifully rounded breasts and a firm, taut backside. All this and more she paraded sensually in outfits designed to expose rather than conceal.

The reason that Cale knew all this was that he had spent the last three weeks watching Severina Mansfield. After all, Henry Mansfield had paid hlm upfront.

Cale had known exactly what he would hear from Severina's husband. Wealthy older man marries sexy young thing; one year of bliss follows, then the sexy young thing starts to get bored. That was when the hubby came to Martin Cale, Private Investigator. Cale was behind on the rent, and the Mercedes required a respray. He took the job.

At first it had gone as expected. He had followed Severina as she went about the business of being the bored wife of a rich husband. He had followed her on her interminable shopping expeditions to Harrods and to Selfridges. He had been there as she lunched with her girlfriends at the Ritz or the Savoy. He knew all the details: Severina carried a leather-bound Filofax, drank Gin and Tonic and — this was the interesting bit — was up to something in Soho in the evenings when Henry Mansfield was out of the country on business.

It hadn't taken Cale long to discover this rented room tucked away in a shadowy corner of Soho and rented in Severina's maiden name. He had tailed her there on the very first night of the job. A cosy love nest, he assumed. Things looked all-too-straighforward, which, as it transpired, was exactly the case. A love nest, in order to be just that, requires a lover. There had been no visitors to that fourth-floor room. Severina Mansfield would simply arrive around six in the evening, stay for six or seven hours, then depart in a taxi back to her Hampstead home. She never left the place and there was nothing to suggest that she was up to anything untoward. Cale had even staked out the place all afternoon in the hope that he might see some lover arrive ahead of her, but to no avail.

She writhed to the music, caressing her breasts and teasing her nipples.

An idea came upon him suddenly and he snapped his fingers in delight. It was absurdly simple — a way to bring this whole damp squib of a case to a swift conclusion. He would go up and knock on the door, pretending to have got the wrong room. Severina Mansfield would answer the door, affording Cale ample time to check out the room and discover what secrets it held. He would make his excuses and leave, happy in the knowledge that she was merely writing a novel or something, and that would be that. Case closed.

He pushed open the door and stepped into a dark hallway. He made it to the second floor when he heard a noise coming from above him. Someone descending the stairs. Instinctively, Cale ducked into the shadows beneath the stairwell and peered around the banister. There was no mistaking that face and that figure. It was his quarry without a doubt, standing on the landing looking out across Soho from the dusty window.

Severina Mansfield was dressed in a dowdy raincoat. Her long raven tresses were tucked neatly into the collar and her face was obscured by a pair of thick-framed glasses. Her appearance was decidedly odd, as was her behaviour.

She reached down to the sash of the window and inched it open, climbed through onto the metal platform of the fire escape, slid the window shut and disappeared down the ladder.

Wierder and wierder, mused Cale. He crossed to the window and looked down, just in time to see Severina reach the bottom of the ladder. There was a garden at the rear of the building with an alleyway behind that. Severina was heading towards the alleyway. Cale pulled up the window and scrambled down the fire escape like a man fleeing from a burning house, anxious not to lose sight of his mystifying quarry.

As Cale emerged from the alley, he could see Severina some fifty yards up ahead, heading in the direction of Shaftesbury Avenue. He set off in pursuit, careful to keep a reasonable distance between himself and his prey. Obviously, that anonymous building was merely Severina's staging post, a place where she prepared for her trysts with her as yet unseen lover. It seemed a convoluted way to conduct an affair, but, he supposed, some people enjoyed that kind of thing.

He followed her to the corner of Brewer Street where she made a right turn. Cale followed, rounding the corner and almost walking straight into her.

She was standing outside a peepshow, peering at her face in a compact case mirror. Cale smartly crossed the street and feigned interest in the forthcoming attractions of the porno movie theatre across the road, all the time watching her reflection in the glass.

He watched as Severina touched up her lipstick and dusted a little more powder onto her perfect face. She seemed satisfied, snapped the compact shut, slipped it into her coat pocket and walked briskly through the door and into the gloom of the peepshow. Severina Mansfield visiting a peepshow? This job was becoming more bizarre by the minute. Cale turned and stared at the garish neon sign above the entrance — *The Non-Stop Girlie Revue*. What on earth was going on here?

There was nothing for it but to wait for her to reappear. And so Cale waited. Ten minutes, fifteen, then thirty, but no sign of the mysterious Mansfield. His curiosity was at fever pitch. He strode across the street and into the dimly-lit depths of the *Revue*.

It was like all Soho peepshows, brash music filtering out of a beaten up sound system, a red glow and a row of booths lined up against the end wall. A wrinkled old bloke sat behind a desk, dispensing change. Cale opened his mouth to ask him if he had noticed a woman in a raincoat and glasses, but quickly shut it when it occurred to him that such a line of questioning would be a dead giveaway. Instead, he asked for a fiver's worth of change to give him some semblance of a motive for being there. Of Severina there was no sign — she had done one of her vanishing acts again. Cale decided to duck into one of the booths and do some thinking. It was dark and smelly in there. He needed to use his lighter to locate the coin slot. With some difficulty he found it and the flap in front of his eyes slowly opened.

It was then that Cale received the shock of his life. He was peering into a small room, a low stage at one end draped with a tatty rug. A woman reclined on the rug, naked save for an insignificant shred of a G-string pulled tight between her legs. She ran her hands over her body in slow, sensual strokes...

Cale was looking at Severina Mansfield, sprawled nearly-naked on a stage in a grotty Soho peepshow. He could not believe his eyes.

She writhed to the music, caressing her breasts, teasing her nipples until they stood erect. Her ruby lips were parted in a gasp of pleasure as she traced an 's' down over her belly towards the juncture of her thighs and the dark shadow between her legs.

The shutter was starting to close. Cale's time was up. Hastily, he fed another coin into the slot and watched as the window re-opened. Severina Mansfield was standing now, swaying her body seductively to the music. She danced, trailing her slender fingers along her thighs until she had them hooked into the waistband of her G-string, gyrating her hips towards her unseen audience.

Cale could feel the urgency of his heartbeat as he watched this extraordinary performance. It was

GATIONS

hard to equate the lust-goddess before his eyes with the woman he had been trailing for so long. Previously, he had seen her as a frivolous bimbo with too much cash and nothing to do — the woman dancing before his eyes now was incredibly sensual: Cleopatra at £1 a time.

What the hell could he tell Henry Mansfield ? An affair was fine — Cale just waited for the moment when he could obtain the compromising photographs — but this was different. How could you tell a man that his wife lived a double life as a Soho stripper?

His thoughts were disturbed by the sound of her voice.

"I know who you are," she whispered.

Cale looked up, startled. Severina was staring at him through the thin gap between the slot and the hardboard wall. Cale pressed against the cubicle wall in the hope that he might somehow be invisible. When he looked up a second later Severina Mansfield had disappeared and her place had been taken by a tawdry bleached blonde with sagging breasts.

The flap lowered once again, leaning Cale in darkness. Severina had obviously fled in panic to prepare her alibi. He hadn't came up with any concrete evidence for Henry Mansfield — no pictures, no proof. It was a wash-out.

Someone was tapping on the door of the cubicle. Cale opened it, wearily.

"My husband sent you, didn't he?" Severina Mansfield pushed her way into the booth, pressing Cale back up against the wall. She shut the door, plunging them both into gloom. Cale could make out the raincoat wrapped around her.

"Did Henry hire you to follow me?" she hissed.

"Yes," Cale confirmed.

" Why?"

"I'd have thought that was obvious," said Cale.

"Thought I was fooling around, did he?" she asked him. "Thought I had same fella on the side?"

"Have you?"

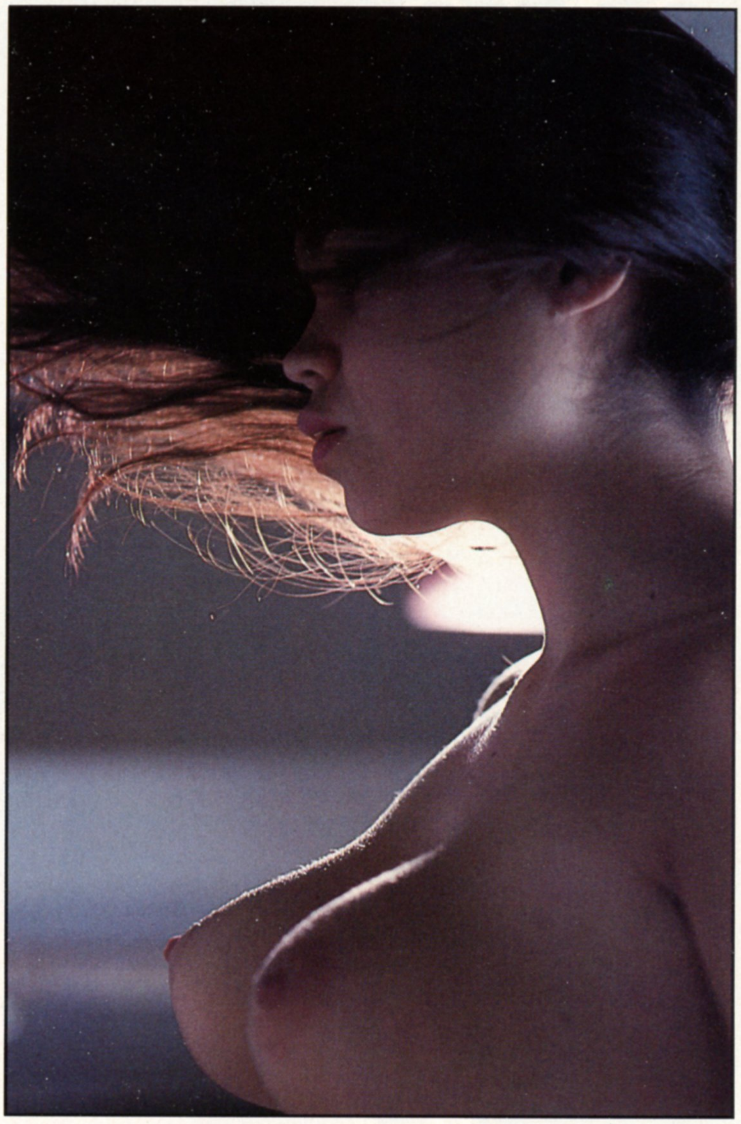
She appeared taken aback by his retort. Her tone became defensive.

"What if I have?" she asked.

Cale decided that some explanation was in order. "It's my job. That's what I do — find things out about people."

"You're a private eye?" Severina seemed surprised. "A real private eye? Like in the movies?"

"Yeah, Phillip Marlowe, that's me," answered Cale. "Except that I got caught by the woman I was following." At this comment, the



He gazed at Severina as she trailed her hands lightly over her body.

beautiful Severina smiled at him.

"Well, what did you expect? That Mercedes isn't the most anonymous of cars is it? When I started to see it every place I went, I guessed that something was up."

Cale sighed. "I suppose that makes me a useless private eye," he admitted. Severina placed a consoling hand upon his shoulder.

" Don't take it so bad," she said. "You can tell Henry all about me, can't you? All about me and my wicked ways."

He shook his head sorrowfully. "No proof. No reason for anyone to believe me."

" You don't think that Henry would believe I did this?"

"*I* hardly believe it. Why should he? I don't suppose you'd care to tell me why you do what you do?"

"Because I enjoy it." she replied, simply.

"You enjoy it?"

"Yes," said Severina firmly. "Look, if you were married to Henry, you'd do the same. He's such a bore! He gives me money, of course, but I need more than that. I'm free in here — just for a short while. I can make the best of what I've got."

" You certainly do," murmured Cale.

That seemed to interest her. "Do you think I'm good?" she asked.

Cale couldn't deny it. He nooded.

"Oh good," breathed Severina. "When men say things like that, it excites me." She ran her right hand through her black hair, twisted some strands between her fingers. "It's the thought of all those eyes," she said softly. "Those men watching me. Wanting me. It makes me feel as though I'm making love to the audience. I can't see them, but I know that they can see me. They want me."

Severina leaned back against the wall breathing heavily. Her coat flopped open and Cale could just make out the outline of her bosom and the deep shadow of her cleavage.

"I thought you were incredible," he told her. "The way you caressed your body. It really looked as though you were getting off on it."

"I was," Severina admitted. He could see her left hand slide inside that raincoat. Keep talking, he told himself. He watched enthralled as she teased one nipple with a long crimson fingernail. A small shudder of pleasure went through her.

"What do you think about out there?" asked Cale.

He could see the rise and fall of her chest and the movements of her hips as she caressed her beautiful body.

"I imagine," breathed Severina, "that I'm in some vast theatre in front of thousands of people. I'm onstage, naked..."

As if to illustrate, she shrugged the raincoat off her shoulders. There was a faint rustle as it slid to the floor. Cale could almost feel the warmth of her satin skin as she stood before him.

"There's a man onstage with me," Severina went on. "He's big, muscular. He's naked as well, his cock is huge..."

Cale could feel his own cock thumping urgently against the front of his trousers. He gazed at Severina Mansfield as she trailed her hand lightly over her body to the soft down between her legs.

"I can hear the crowd cheering as he walks towards me. He takes my hands and places them on his cock. I can feel it growing bigger in my hands as I stroke it."

Cale could feel himself trembling as Severina's fingers dipped into her honeypot, her index finger gliding easily up and down her moist furrow as she talked.

"I kneel in front of him and drag my tongue down its length. I can feel it pulsate in my mouth as I wrap my lips around it. The crowd are cheering harder now. They want to see more..."

Cale could restrain himself no longer. Tearing at his flies, he hooked out his cock. Not wanting to waste a moment, he drew Severina to him, taking her hands and placing them around it. She clutched it tightly, clearly unable to distinguish fact from fantasy, still lost in her dream.

"The crowd are all chanting. I fall back on a low divan, spreading my thighs. He moves towards me..."

Cale pushed forward, his tool nuzzling her pubic hair. Severina's eager hands gripped him, feeding him between her pussy lips until she was impaled to the hilt.

"He's inside me," she whimpered, "deep inside me. So hot. I can hear the crowd. Loving it!"

They were against the wall of the booth. Cale reached down and grasped her creamy thighs, hoisting her legs up around his waist. Severina's boobs were crushed against his chest, her head buried in his right shoulder as she gasped out her tale.

"We're moving faster now! I can feel my climax coming!"

The story remained unfinished, because at that moment Severina climaxed, throwing her head back as Cale pistoned in and out of her well juiced tunnel. He dragged his cock out of her with long powerful strokes, revelling in the glorious sensations as he reached his limit, exploding into her. Then they both fell slack against the wall.

"Beautiful," whispered Severina. Cale nodded.

"Do you do this often?" he asked. Severina reached for her raincoat.

"When I need it. Are you going to tell Henry?"

That was something that hadn't occurred to Cale. After all, there could now be no question that she had strayed from the path of fidelity but Cale couldn't think how to tell Henry Mansfield how he'd obtained his information.

"I think not," he smiled.

Severina shrugged the coat around her naked body. "Good," she said. " If he found out, I'd be on the streets straight away. And," she added, "you know where to find me should you need to investigate me further." That wicked smile was back on her lips. "What's your name?" she asked.

Cale adopted his best Raymond Chandler voice. "Cale ma'am," he said, "Martin Cale, Private Investigator. At your service." He fished in his pocket, found what he was looking for, and handed it to him. "My card,"

"I'll keep it." She placed it in her coat pocket. "But now I've got to get back out there."

Severina and Cale exchanged a parting kiss that promised even greater things to come, then Severina walked through the door to the changing rooms and Cale walked out into the street. He felt better about everything. He strolled back to where he had left the car.

A grey-haired man, clad in a pricey-looking camelhair coat, paused outside *The Non-Stop Girlie Revue*. He had a haunted look on his face. He looked both ways then scuttled through the entrance.

The man on the cash desk eagerly accepted the £20 note that the man handed him and in exchange placed twenty one pound coins in his palm. He watched as the man walked to a booth, stepped inside and shut the door as tight as possible.

The music throbbed relentlessly as the man fumbled in the dark for the coin slot, inserted the coin and waited for the viewing-slit to open. Slowly, it did so...

Henry Mansfield peered into the world beyond the wall.

GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME. . .

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

How can you tell whether the girl you're about to make love to is a nurse, a teacher or an airline stewardess?

If she's a nurse, she'll say, "Relax, this won't hurt a bit." If she's a teacher, she'll say, "We're going to do this over and over again until we get it right." And if she's an air stewardess she'll say, "Just hold this over your nose and mouth, and breathe normally!"

A convict was sitting in the electric chair waiting for the end to come when an official burst in.

"Stop! Stop! Get him out of the chair!" demanded the official.

"Thank God, a reprieve," cried the convict. "I always told you I was innocent. At last, my attorney has come good. Thank God."

"Reprieve? No such luck, buddy," replied the official. "We just remembered we haven't sprayed the non-stick Teflon on the seat yet."

What's the difference between an Irish wedding and an Irish funeral?
One less pint of Guinness.

Jane was flat-chested and wanted her breasts enlarged, but was very short of cash for the operation. The surgeon offered her the cheapest procedure available: her breasts seemed the same size normally, but increased in size when she flapped her arms up and down.

After the op, Jane went to her local disco to see what kind of reaction her new boobs would get. She spotted a handsome man standing alone in the corner, and as she walked towards him she flapped her arms, pumping her chest up to a good 40 inches. "Hi," she said coyly as she reached him, "don't I know you?"

"No," the man answered, furiously pumping his legs up and down, "but I think we go to the same doctor."

What's wrinkled and goes "Slam! Slam! Slam! Slam!"?
A four-door prune.

Back in the good ole days in Texas, a Wells Fargo stagecoach was thundering across the plains to Dallas with three passengers: a red-blooded born-and-bred Texan, a city slicker from back East, and a beautiful, well-endowed Texan lady.

Throughout the long journey, the city slicker kept eyeing the lady lasciviously, until he leaned forward and said in a loud whisper, audible to all, "Say, lady, you're mighty purty. I'll give you ten dollars for a blow-job."

The Texan man looked appalled, pulled out his six-gun and promptly shot the Easterner on the spot.

The lady gasped with admiration.

"Oh sir, thank you so much for defendin' my little ole honour. You're a real gentleman."

The Texan blew the smoke from his gun and put it back in his holster casually.

"Defendin' your honour, hell!" he bawled. "No tenderfoot's coming to Texas and doubling the price of the women."

What's the difference between a dog and a fox?
About six pints.

An old man with a rather obvious toupee was travelling to Edinburgh on the overnight sleeper, and was delighted to find that the bunk below his was occupied by a beautiful girl. Anxious not to appear bald, he went to bed in his wig. Unfortunately, halfway through the night, it fell off onto the bunk below. He immediately reached down in the dark, trying to retrieve the rug.

Unbeknown to him, the young girl was lying nude on top of the sheets and halfway through a sensual dream. As his hand reached down and started groping for his wayward rug, the girl started moaning in sexual ecstasy.

"Oooh yes, go on, go on."

The man ignored this and continued his search, fumbling with her boobs, and then feeling his way blindly down her stomach.

"Mmm, that's nice," murmured the dreaming girl.

Suddenly he felt something warm and hairy. "Ah, my wig!" he thought, fingering it.

"Ooooh yes," sighed the sleeping beauty. "Yes, yes, that's it, that's it!"

Suddenly the old man stopped.

"I think you're mistaken, madam," replied the bereft baldy. "I always part mine on the side." Ⓜ

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